

IT
by: Dave
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EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- DAY [*]

It's a rainy morning in Derry, Maine. A storm has passed through in the night. Tree limbs are down and houses are without power.

The Denbrough house sits back from the street framed by a pair of high hedges. Inside, someone plays a PIANO.

TITLE CARD: 1985

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S ROOM -- DAY [*]

BILL DENBROUGH (11) is sick in bed, surrounded by comic books and Kleenex. He's folding a boat out of newspaper, being very precise about it.

Downstairs, a DOOR SLAMS. Whoever's playing PIANO PAUSES.

MRS. DENBROUGH (O.S.)
Can you slam that door a little
harder next time, George? I don't
think they heard it downtown.

In a moment, Bill's little brother GEORGIE DENBROUGH (6) rushes in, excited. He hands Bill a jar of sealant. Bill opens it and begins brushing it all over the boat.

BILL
(with a mild stutter)
W-what an a-hole you are, Georgie.

GEORGIE
I'm no a-hole.

BILL
N-Nothing but a big a-hole, that's
you. A big *brown* a-hole.

Georgie giggles. When Bill's done, he waves the boat dry.

GEORGIE
Thanks, Bill! It's a neat boat!

BILL
She. You call boats '*sh-she*'.

Georgie gives Bill a hug, then hurries out, excited.

BILL (CONT'D)
Go easy on her--

Bill listens to Georgie get his coat on and then SLAM the front door on his way outside. The PIANO PAUSES again. Bill shakes his head and turns back to his comics.

It's a little dim to read, so Bill pulls the chain on his desk lamp--but the power's still out. He gets up and raises the window shade. He glances out and sees:

Georgie is down the street a block, standing by a sewer grate. He looks like he's talking down into it. When he reaches toward the opening, an arm--in a white glove and colored sleeve--shoots up out of the grate and grabs him. It yanks him down, hard, over and over, trying to pull him under the street.

Bill stands frozen at his window, trying to yell, but all that comes out is his stutter, freezing up his throat.

DENBROUGH HOUSE MONTAGE: [*]

The kitchen is still, but for a slow drip at the sink. In the dim hall, a grandfather clock stands TICKING. At the piano, Mrs. Denbrough plays *Für Elise*.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S ROOM -- DAY [*]

Out the window, Bill can see his brother lying in the road, his raincoat splashed with blood. A NEIGHBOR runs toward Georgie, YELLING. Downstairs the MUSIC STOPS.

MRS. DENBROUGH (O.S.)

Bill? Did you call me?

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- DAY [*]

The Neighbor carries Georgie toward the Denbrough house. Mrs. Denbrough runs out, screaming. She tries to take her son, but they end up laying him on the wet lawn. George's eyes are open to the rain. His arm's been torn off.

In an upstairs window, Bill looks on in horror. His is the face of a kid who's just taken a brutal shove toward adulthood.

ADULT BILL (V.O.)

No one believed me. No grown-ups, anyway--even when other kids began going missing, turning up mutilated in some odd corner of Derry. They said there was no way anyone could be down that storm drain. But I knew what I saw.

Mrs. Denbrough screams and screams. More neighbors begin coming out of their dark houses to see what's happened.

ADULT BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And it turns out I wasn't the only
one.

TITLE CARD: The word 'IT' appears, as big as the screen.

When it disappears, the Denbrough house has changed. It
needs a coat of paint and the hedges have been cut down.

DENBROUGH HOUSE MONTAGE:

In the living room, the piano is gone. The clock is still
in the hallway, but it's silent and its hands have been
removed. In the kitchen, the faucet's new but much of the
cooking gear is gone. This is a bachelor's kitchen now.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

BILL DENBROUGH (38) gets dressed for work. He's taken his
parents' old room as his own. His face now is that of an
adult's--a dry-eyed serious-looking man, already losing
his hair. Yet, something of the boy remains.

INT. BILL'S CAR -- DAY

Bill drives through downtown Derry. It is a typical New
England story: a once-prosperous mill town fallen on hard
times. From its weedy city parks to its stately canal, to
its century-old brick standpipe in need of re-pointing,
Derry is at once charming and a little weebegone.

BILL (V.O.)
There were five of us that summer.
High Five. The Loser's Club. None
of us happy, none of us accepted
by our peers. But together we went
into the black.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, STACKS -- DAY

At the public library, Bill goes about his job--archiving
materials, tagging books in need of repair, etc.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, BILL'S OFFICE -- DAY

In his office, Bill is eating lunch, listening to a small
radio with an earphone. At some point he stops--sandwich
halfway to his mouth--and gives the radio his full atten-
tion. Then, suddenly, he bolts for the door.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, CULVERT -- DAY

This part of Kansas Street runs beside a wooded stream valley where police have blocked off a small bridge.

Bill parks and walks to where cops are talking to a reporter, but moves discreetly past them and down an embankment to where other officers stand around a small body lying under a coroner's tarp.

CHIEF RADEMACHER (50) sees Bill coming and heads him off.

BILL

This is number five.

CHIEF RADEMACHER

The Hawn twins are *missing*. And we have no reason to think--

BILL

You should have started a curfew like I told you to. Months ago.

A beat. Chief Rademacher smiles, though not kindly.

CHIEF RADEMACHER

You can't stick to town halls, Mr. Denbrough? You have to come all the way down here to tell me that?

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Chief--

One of the other policemen signals Rademacher over.

CHIEF RADEMACHER

Go home. Sir. Before I have you escorted there.

Rademacher heads back to his team. Bill looks around, carefully, but nothing stands out to him.

ADULT BILL (V.O.)

We went looking for answers, looking for a way to end the terror we were caught in. --And we thought we had.

Finally, Bill turns to start climbing back up the hill to his car. Within two steps, he freezes.

On the concrete retaining wall beside the culvert, a message is written in large loopy letters: COME HOME COME HOME COME HOME. It looks written in blood.

ADULT BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But we lie best when we lie to ourselves.

CUT TO:

EXT. DERRY SEWER -- DAY [*]

The five members of the Loser's Club--four boys and one girl, all 11--stand in a circle, holding hands, knee-deep in a sewer. They all look badly shaken.

BILL
Swear. If it comes back you'll help me finish It. For good.

They all swear. Bill takes a shard of Coke bottle and begins making cuts in all of their hands.

BACK TO:

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S ROOM -- DAY

Bill's old bedroom is now a sparse home office. Across the walls are news articles and printouts following the adult lives of the other members of the Losers' Club.

Bill comes in and pulls their phone numbers down. He goes to the phone, gathers himself, and starts dialing.

EXT. LONDON -- DAY

The London skyline reveals a 60-floor office tower under construction. Halfway to the top, BEN HANSCOM (38) runs up an exposed stairwell in shorts and training shoes.

INT. LONDON CONSTRUCTION SITE, STAIRWELL -- DAY

Ben is in the middle of a grueling workout. He has a handsome, wind-chapped face and his physique is hard and trim. He's oblivious to the dropoff half a foot away.

EXT. LONDON CONSTRUCTION SITE, YARD -- DAY

After running, Ben stretches in the construction yard. A FOREMAN leans out of a trailer and calls to him.

FOREMAN
Mr. Hanscom. Overseas call.

INT. LONDON CONSTRUCTION SITE, TRAILER -- DAY

Ben comes in and grabs a phone at one of the desks there. Architectural plans and renderings cover every surface.

BEN

This is Ben Hanscom.

BILL'S VOICE

Ben? It's Bill Denbrough.

BEN

I'm sorry-- Who did you say?

BILL'S VOICE

Bill. From Derry.

Ben pales. He has to sit on the edge of a desk. Outside, the SHIFT WHISTLE BLOWS, but Ben doesn't hear it. Instead, he hears a SCHOOL BELL RINGING.

CUT TO:

INT. DERRY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, STAIRS -- DAY [*]

BEN HANSCOM (11) is climbing the stairs at his elementary school, looking worried. His face is sunny, but fat. He's carrying an extra thirty pounds on his frame.

Down the hall, working his way after him, is HENRY BOWERS (13), a hard-looking kid with a severe flattop. He points menacingly at Ben and yells:

HENRY BOWERS

I see you, fat ass.

Ben hurries up the stairs.

INT. DERRY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, GYM -- DAY [*]

In the gymnasium, kids sit in the bleachers getting ready for an assembly. Ben comes in and ducks under the bleachers to hide. Henry Bowers rushes past without seeing Ben. Henry scans the rows of kids looking for Ben before a teacher, MRS. DOUGLAS (40s), sees him.

MRS. DOUGLAS

Henry Bowers, sit down now!

Scowling, Henry Bowers takes a seat as PRINCIPAL METCALF (40) steps up onto the small stage.

PRINCIPAL METCALF
Kids! Kids! Let's get started.
Then we can get you on your way.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS: Ben makes his way to where the rest of his class is sitting, their feet lined up before him.

PRINCIPAL METCALF (CONT'D)
Since we won't be able to keep our eyes on you again until fall, we thought we'd talk a little bit about summer safety, given-- that it's summer. Sheriff Sullivan was nice enough to come here today to give us a few pointers.

The Sheriff takes the stage to APPLAUSE. He takes a long joyless look out at all the kids.

SHERIFF SULLIVAN
Just because it's summer for you doesn't mean it's summer for the police. We're keeping the 7 p.m. curfew until further notice.
(beat)

And we want you only go out in groups. Everywhere. Little George Denbrough was only a block from his house when he was --found.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS: Ben watches from a gap in the slats. He can hear his classmates talking above him.

CLASSMATE #1 (O.S.)
I heard they pulled his arms off.

CLASSMATE #2 (O.S.)
Is Bill coming back in the fall?

SHERIFF SULLIVAN (CONT'D)
So, unless you're at home, or with your parents, you should play with other kids. Kids you can count on.

After a beat, Principal Metcalf retakes the stage.

PRINCIPAL METCALF
You heard what the Sheriff said. Now 5th graders, go clean out your lockers. Everyone else can have recess until the buses come. Have a great summer kids!

All the kids CHEER.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS: Ben hurries to the far end of the bleachers and darts out one of the back doors of the gym.

EXT. DERRY ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, FRONT STEPS -- DAY [*]

Ben comes around the front of the school and stops. At the bottom of the stairs are VICTOR CRISS and BELCH HUGGINS (13), both middle-schoolers and rough-looking kids.

VICTOR CRISS

Hey, lardass. Bowers still inside?

Ben shrugs nervously.

BELCH HUGGINS

You the fat kid that wouldn't let him copy his test last week?

BEN

No!

Victor and Belch look him up and down, then turn their attention back to what they were doing. Ben is about to head off when BEVERLY MARSH (11) appears beside him.

BEVERLY

You like this place so much you're gonna keep your locker all summer?

Ben blushes. Beverly is a lovely girl, even in her thrift-store clothes. She seems older somehow.

BEN

I cleaned it out last week. You?

BEVERLY

(brightly)

There's nothing in there I want.

Victor and Belch see Beverly now. They call up to her.

VICTOR CRISS

Hey! Bowers still in there?

BEVERLY

Mrs. Douglas held him back. I think he failed or has to do summer school or something.

VICTOR CRISS

Son of a bitch!

Ben waves to Beverly, desperate to stay and talk, but he senses trouble coming and heads off.

BEVERLY

See you next year, Ben.

INT. HANSCOM HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- NIGHT [*]

Ben sits with his mother, at supper. MRS. HANSCOM (40) is a tired-looking woman, still in her work clothes.

MRS. HANSCOM

You excited for vacation, Benny?

Ben nods, his mouth full.

MRS. HANSCOM (CONT'D)

You gonna sign up for the reading program again? I liked when you did that last year.

BEN

I heard they upped the number to 50 books, but I think I can do it.

MRS. HANSCOM

I'm sure you can.

She looks at him so long that he glances up at her.

MRS. HANSCOM (CONT'D)

They found the Grogan girl tonight. In the park, by the Standpipe. I heard it on the bus home. So awful.

Ben doesn't know what to say, so he says nothing.

MRS. HANSCOM (CONT'D)

I don't worry much when you're in school, but you've got to be careful now. I want you in by supper every day, whether I'm home from work or not. What time is that?

BEN

Six o'clock.

MRS. HANSCOM

Right. So if I set the table, or call, and there's no Ben, I'll phone up the police. Understand?

(beat)

It'd probably turn out I did it for nothing. I know you and your friends get wrapped up in things at your age. But I'll do it.

At the mention of friends, Ben looks at the table, not wanting to contradict her. She takes out of her pocket a worn velvet box and hands it to him. He opens it.

Inside is a silver pocket watch on a chain. Ben is thrilled. He opens and closes it with a *snap*.

BEN

Mom! It's the coolest!

MRS. HANSCOM

It was your father's.

Ben's excitement slips into reverence. He hugs her.

MRS. HANSCOM (CONT'D)

Wind it every day. Mind it. Now
you've no reason to be late home.

She passes Ben a bowl of potatoes even though he's still eating. She watches him, smoothing his hair.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- NIGHT [*]

Bill sits at his table eating, His mother is at one end and his father at the other. Opposite Bill is Georgie's empty seat. They eat in silence.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S ROOM -- NIGHT [*]

Bill comes in with a newspaper. He gets a scissors and cuts out a front-page article. The headline reads "GROGAN BODY FOUND" over a photo of a teenaged girl.

He takes out a notebook full of articles about the dead kids of Derry and tapes in this new one. Then he flips back to the beginning to an article about Georgie, "BOY'S DEATH MYSTERY." Bill looks at it, his rage building.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHILDREN'S WING -- DAY [*]

Ben is in the children's wing of the library, choosing books. Nearby, a group of kids sits at a story hour while a LIBRARIAN (40s) reads to them in dramatic voices.

LIBRARIAN

"Who's that trip-trapping upon my
bridge?" the troll called up.

The children squeal with delight.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, UPMILE HILL -- DAY [*]

Ben climbs Up-Mile Hill on his way home. He has his library books in one hand and eats a Twix with the other.

The land on one side of the road drops off steeply into a wooded stream valley called "The Barrens." When Ben gets to the top of the hill, he stops to catch his breath at the wooden guardrail there. It's a hot, breezy day.

PENNYWISE (O.S.)

Hiya, Benny!

Ben looks around, startled. At the bottom of the hill, just inside the trees, is a clown in whiteface with a big red smile. Tufts of orange hair stand out on his head and he wears a bright suit with orange pom-poms. He waves.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Down here! Want a balloon, Ben?
They float!

Ben blinks at the sound of his name. The clown is not holding a balloon, though. He's holding a cardboard wand spun with cotton candy.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Come on down and try one!

Ben is about to answer back when he hears laughter behind him. He is whirled around to find himself face-to-face with Henry Bowers, Victor Criss, and Belch Huggins. They corner him against the guardrail.

HENRY BOWERS

Hey, Tits.

BEN

Henry. What do you want?

HENRY BOWERS

I want to beat you up.

Victor and Belch grab Ben's arms. His library books fall on the ground. Henry crushes one under his filthy boot.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

But first you're gonna help me
with my homework. Know why I got
homework, Tits? 'Cause I'm in sum-
mer school.

(to the others)

Pull up his shirt.

Victor yank up his shirt.

VICTOR CRISS

Lookit his titties! *Jesus Pleasus!*

Henry takes from his pocket a black marker. He uncaps it.

BEN

You better quit!

HENRY BOWERS

This is the part I need help with.
How do you spell "DOUBLEWIDE"?

Victor and Belch burst out laughing. Ben tries to break free, but they hold him. The wood rail behind him CREAKS.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

Spell it.

Ben shakes his head, so Henry grabs his ear and twists. Ben starts whipsawing back and forth, trying to get free.

Tears of anger, and shame, come to Ben's eyes. He starts calling out the letters as Henry writes them in big letters across his belly. Ben just makes it to "B" when:

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

Hold up. What's this?

Ben sees the silver chain of his new watch has slipped out of his pocket and is dangling there in the sun.

BEN

Leave it alone--!

HENRY BOWERS

Finder's keepers, right guys?

Henry reaches for it. Ben has to decide. He summons his nerve and throws his weight *backward* against the rail. It CRACKS, but doesn't break, so Ben plants a foot into Henry's stomach and pushes, hard.

For an instant, Henry's face registers shock and pain. Then Ben is falling backward through empty space.

EXT. THE BARRENS, UPMILE HILL EMBANKMENT -- DAY [*]

Ben hits the weedy slope hard and does a backward somersault, rolling all the way down to the woods' edge. He comes to a stop, covered in briars. His pants are torn and his sweatshirt's around his neck, but he's got the watch. Henry's voice booms overhead.

HENRY BOWERS

I'm gonna fucking *kill* you, you fat shit.

Henry jumps over the railing and starts down the slope, Belch and Victor behind him. Ben bolts into the trees.

EXT. THE BARRENS, PUMP HATCH -- DAY [*]

As he runs through the undergrowth, looking for some kind of path, Ben begins to hear a LOW HUMMING up ahead.

He comes into a small clearing where a wide, three-foot high cement cylinder sticks out of the ground. The words "DERRY SEWER DEPT" are stamped on the iron cap. He tries to push off the lid, but it won't budge, so he runs on.

EXT. THE BARRENS, OAK TREE -- DAY [*]

Finally, he comes to the Kenduskeag Stream and climbs down the bank. He can hear a burst of good-natured LAUGHTER downstream. *Other kids?* He hesitates, then he sees a huge oak tree, some of its roots exposed by the erosion.

Ben gets on his hands and knees and works his way into the roots of the tree, finding a slimy hiding place. And just in time. Henry's crew appears on the bank above him.

VICTOR CRISS

Where the fuck did he go?

BELCH HUGGINS

Listen. Somebody's down there.

They run toward the other voices. He can't make out the words, but Ben hears YELLS of PROTEST then a CRY of pain.

BILL (O.S.)

You didn't h-have to do that!

VICTOR CRISS (O.S.)

S-Sorry about your f-f-f-ort, f-fuck-f-face. Ta-ta boys.

Ben listens as they head off in some further direction.

EXT. THE BARRENS, STREAM CROSSING -- DAY [*]

Bill is kneeling beside EDDIE KASPBRAK (11). Eddie's nose is bloody and he's having a hard time breathing. He's trying his aspirator, but there's nothing left.

Ben appears across the stream and Bill sees him.

BILL

H-Hey! We need some huh-help.

BEN

They gone?

BILL

Yeah. Listen, can you s-stay with my friend while I get him more muh-medicine? He's got a-a-a-asthma?

Ben crosses the stream to their side.

BEN

Which one hit him? Was it Bowers?

Bill nods. Ben can see real concern on his face.

BEN (CONT'D)

Sure, go on. I'll stay with him.

Bill nods again and goes.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, CULVERT -- DAY [*]

Bill climbs up to the Kansas Street culvert where he's stashed a moped out of view. It's barely more than a bike, really, built out of spare parts, even wrong parts.

He pushes it past the concrete wall and up the embankment. Then he climbs on and pedals like crazy to get the motor to start. When it does, he yells:

BILL

Hi-yo Silver! Away!

BILL'S RIDE MONTAGE: [*]

Bill speeds by Ben's library books and flies down Up-Mile Hill, pushing Silver as hard as she'll go. He passes the Standpipe and heads into town.

Despite his urgent task, Bill can't help but smile--he's just a kid riding his bike for these few moments.

EXT. CENTER STREET DRUG STORE -- DAY [*]

Bill skids to a halt at the pharmacy and runs inside.

INT. CENTER STREET DRUG STORE, PHARMACY -- DAY [*]

He rushes back to where the pharmacist, MR. KEENE (50), is standing. Before the man can ask, Bill launches in:

BILL

Ed-die Kaspb-b-b-brack. Needs more a-a-asthma medicine!

Mr. Keene looks about to say something, but thinks twice.

MR. KEENE

Of course. Wait right here.

He returns with a small box labelled "HydrOx Mist."

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

Go on-- Mrs. Kaspbrak has an account here.

Bill runs for the exit.

EXT. THE BARRENS, STREAM CROSSING -- DAY [*]

Bill runs back to the stream crossing to find Ben sitting with Eddie. Eddie is still wheezing bad.

BEN

That was quick! I didn't expect you back for another half an hour.

BILL

I got a f-fast bike.

Bill throws the aspirator to Eddie, who twists it open.

BEN

I was trying to remember the stuff they told us in Red Cross. I was gonna put a stick in his mouth--

BILL

I think that's for e-epileptics.

Eddie's breathing finally begins to deepen.

EDDIE

That one was a real pisswah.

BILL

Your mom's gonna take one look at you and drive you to the hospital.

EDDIE

I hate that place.

BILL

You're Ben Hanscomb, right? I'm Bill. D-Denbrough. This is Eddie K-Kaspbrak.

BILL (CONT'D)

You look like they k-killed you.

Ben shrugs. He looks around.

BEN

You guys play down here a lot?

BILL

Yeah. It's neat. N-nobody bothers us. Me and Eddie were trying to build a tree f-fort.

Ben looks at the few boards hanging from a low dogwood.

BEN

Don't you need an actual tree for that?

EDDIE

It's the best we could do without a ladder.

BEN

What you need is pullies.

Ben turns his eyes upward and begins looking for a suitable tree. Bill and Eddie follow. Then Ben remembers. He takes Bill and Eddie over to the big oak he hid under. Its branches climb up maybe 50 ft.

BEN (CONT'D)

See where the trunk splits? Look about ten feet up. That's where you anchor it. You can build the frame down here and then use pullies to haul it up--

EDDIE

Hey-- Not too high. If I fall out of it I want to, you know, live.

BILL

Wuh-We.

BEN

Huh?

BILL

Wuh-We. We can build it.

Bill is being sincere. Ben tries to hide his pleasure at being included, but he grins anyway.

EXT. LINCOLN STREET -- DAY

The boys walk home. Ben's got his library books back.

BEN

You know all those buildings
they're bulldozing downtown? There
must be a ton of stuff we can use.
Doors. Doors would be good.

EDDIE

You ever *built* one of these?

Ben shakes his head.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Then how do you know this'll work?

BEN

Why wouldn't it?

They stop outside an almost painfully Victorian house.

EDDIE

See you tomorrow, you guys.

BEN

I hope you don't have to go to the
hospital.

Suddenly, as if on cue, a bulky woman with a Polish accent, MRS. KASPBRAK (50), comes out to the porch.

MRS. KASPBRAK

EDDIE! What HAPPENED to you?!

Everything about this woman is exaggerated. Eddie shrugs, already resigned to this humiliation. He braces himself as she comes rushing down to him, arms out, a look of Grand Guignol horror on her face.

MYRA (O.S.)

EDDIE! Tell me what's happened!

CUT TO:

INT. ROYAL CREST LIMO SERVICE, BATHROOM -- DAY

EDDIE KASPBRAK (38) is splashing his face in his company's rest room. Behind him, his wife MYRA (40) blocks the door. She's is a pretty, 240-lbs woman.

MYRA

Who was that on the telephone?!

When he straightens, he catches his reflection. His timid face looks back, scared.

EDDIE

I have to go away for a few days.

MYRA

Away?! Where?

INT. ROYAL CREST LIMO SERVICE, OFFICE -- DAY

Eddie pushes past her and heads to his office. They're both wearing sweaters with the logo "ROYAL CREST LIMO."

EDDIE

To Maine. My old home town.

Eddie shuts down his computer and opens his desk drawer. He picks out several prescription medicines, including an aspirator, and shoves them in his pockets.

MYRA

What about work? You have to pick up Al Pacino in an hour!

EDDIE

You'll have to drive him yourself. After Demetri drops me at JFK he's driving the conference shuttle.

MYRA

I can't drive Al Pacino! I'll have an accident. You know how I get with famous people.

Eddie is finding it a little harder to breathe.

EDDIE

Myra, listen to me. That was a friend on the phone, a friend I owe a lot. He needs help and I promised I'd give it.

Out in the main garage, a HORN HONKS.

MYRA

Promised? Something's really wrong isn't it? Tell me!

EDDIE

I have to go, Myra.

Myra's chin starts to quiver. Big tears are on their way.

MYRA

You've never kept anything from me before, Eddie!

EDDIE

Myra. Stop.
(more gently)
I'll explain when I get there. I
just don't want to miss my plane.

MYRA

Eddie, you're scaring me so bad.

EDDIE

Don't be scared.

MYRA

I can't help it.

He hugs her. From Eddie's expression, neither can he.

INT. LIMO -- DAY

Eddie jumps into the passenger seat and DEMITRI (30s) backs out into a Brooklyn street. As soon as Myra is out of view, Eddie takes out his aspirator. He looks at it.

FLASH ON: The face of Pennywise with its orgasmic leer.

DEMITRI

You okay there, boss?

FLASH ON: Eddie's own face as a child in agonizing pain.

He doesn't answer. Instead, he takes a deep hit off his aspirator and closes his eyes, waiting for relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. DERRY DUMP, ACCESS ROAD -- DAY [*]

Bill, Eddie, and Ben walk down a twin-rut road in the Barrens. Ben is carrying pulleys in each hand.

EDDIE

So what did your mom say when she saw how bad you got racked?

BEN

I told her I fell down at the library.

BILL

Fell down w-what? The book chute?

Bill and Eddie laugh. Ben bristles until he realizes they are not laughing at him. Then he joins in as well.

They turn the corner into the town dump. It is a cleared two acres where mountains of trash and junk are heaped.

On top of one of the mounds, RICHIE TOZIER (11) is trying to lift a wooden door out of the mess. He pushes back his glasses and sees them.

RICHIE

Look who it is now, Big Bill, Eds,
and Ol' Haystack Calhoun!

BILL

Beep Beep, Richie.

Ben looks at Bill.

BILL (CONT'D)

Don't w-worry. It's just Richie.
He wanted to help.

RICHIE

(as Mr. T)

*You better watch out, fool, or you
gonna meet my friend Pain.*

BILL

Meet B-Ben Hanscom, our engineer.

Richie climbs down and shoots a hand out to Ben.

RICHIE

Richie Tozier's my name, voices is
my game.

He pumps Ben's hand. Eddie looks at him in mock-disgust.

EDDIE

The best part of you ran down your
father's leg.

RICHIE

But look how much good stuff there
was left!

EXT. THE BARRENS, PATH -- DAY [*]

The boys walk through the Barrens, carrying old doors.

EXT. THE BARRENS, THE OAK TREE -- DAY [*]

They stand before their total haul: a pile of 2x4s, a half dozen doors, chain, rope, padlocks, etc. Ben is sitting on a big rock looking up and planning in his head.

EDDIE
This could work.

RICHIE
It better work. We just moved half
the dump.

They look to Bill for the final say. He grins at Ben.

BILL
You gonna show us how to b-build
this thing or are you gonna sit
there on your big c-can all day?

TREE FORT BUILDING MONTAGE: [*]

The boys hammer a frame over the doors. When they're done
they pull the whole thing up with ropes and pulleys. Then
Bill climbs up and chains and padlocks it all in place.

EXT. THE BARRENS, THE TREE FORT -- DAY [*]

The fort hangs like a ship's deck up in the tree. The
boys look down 25 feet to the forest floor below.

RICHIE
This is fucking Bubbalicious! A
club house. A real club house.

EDDIE
Bowers will never find us up here.

Bill slaps Ben on the back. The fort swings slightly.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
(nervously)
We should nail it more.

BEN
Can't. It's gotta have some sway.

BILL
Is your dad some kind of builder?

BEN
(with a shrug)
I know he was in the Army--

Eddie and Bill exchange a look, but neither presses him.
They lie there surrounded by summer leaves and bird song.

BEN (CONT'D)
So what's our club?

RICHIE

Well, if it's gonna be full of
dweebs like you, it's gonna have
to be The Losers' Club.

EDDIE

Your face, my butt, Tozier.

CUT TO:

EXT. KLAD STUDIOS -- DAY

A radio tower sits atop a building on the Sunset Strip. A billboard features a grinning RICHIE TOZIER (38) with the slogan: "Tozier on KLAD--You'll Be Hearing Voices!"

INT. KLAD STUDIOS, MAIN STUDIO -- DAY

Under a red "ON AIR" light, Richie sits at the mic, in the middle of a broadcast.

RICHIE

(as Granny Grunt)

They asked me if I owned a "hog."
I told 'em I got three at home, so
they asked if I ever got picked up
by the fuzz.

(as Kinky Briefcase)

And have you?

(as Granny Grunt)

No. But I told 'em I been swung
around by my titties a few times!

Richie signals the Engineer and there is CANNED LAUGHTER.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

(as Kinky Briefcase)

Until next time, this is Kinky
Briefcase, Sex Accountant. If you
can't get hard, you need my card!

(as himself)

Well that's it for me folks. Trash-
mouth Tozier signing off for a few
days of R+R.

The Engineer looks up at this, surprised.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I'll see you back here same time,
same station after the weekend.

Behind him, the station manager, STEVE (40), comes out of his office, also looking surprised.

INT. KLAD STUDIOS, GREEN ROOM -- DAY

Steve ushers Richie into his office and shuts the door.
Richie no longer has his game face on. He looks worried.

STEVE

You're putting my balls to the
wall for a promise you made when
you were ten years old?

RICHIE

Eleven.

STEVE

Cut the bullshit. You've got Snoop
tomorrow, Clarence Clemons Sunday--

RICHIE

I can call in some favors and get
names to replace them if they want
to cancel, but I'm going. It's not
like I'm taking a dump on our FCC
charter. I'll be back.

STEVE

Just tell me. Are you okay?

RICHIE

Honestly, no.

STEVE

Is there something I can do?

Richie shakes his head. Steve's face softens. He moves to
put a hand on Richie's shoulder. Richie tenses visibly.

RICHIE

Not here.

A different kind of frustration comes into Steve's face.

STEVE

Right. I forgot the rules.

(beat)

Buy me a souvenir, asshole.

Steve walks out. Richie sighs, already regretting this.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE BARRENS, THE TREE FORT -- DAY [*]

The boys have made the fort more of a club house.

They've put floor mats down for carpeting, a small radio plays a ball game, and someone's brought up a beanbag.

A CONVERSATIONAL MONTAGE suggests the wide range of subjects discussed up here.

BEN

It's a double feature. Gremlins and The Goonies. Who's in?

RICHIE

Who'd you rather screw? Madonna or Ally Sheedy?

EDDIE

(re: his Rubiks cube)

The trick is algorithms. You have to learn the algorithms and then it's a piece of cake.

RICHIE

Okay. Sharon Stone or what's-her-name from Top Gun?

BEN

Seriously. My mom says if I mow the lawn I can go. Come on, it's only two bucks--for both movies!

Some of what they talk about is more personal:

BILL

My mom used to p-practice with me, rhymes and stuff. I never got it right. I'll always stutter.

BEN

I'm not gonna tell you who she is, but she's really pretty. And nice. And super pretty-- Did I say that?

It seems like the conversation could go on all summer, but finally Eddie says, in a strange tone:

EDDIE

Can I tell you guys something?

(beat)

If you guys laugh, I'll never hang around with you again. I mean it.

BEN

We won't laugh.

BILL

G-go on, Eddie. We got your back.

Eddie takes a deep breath and begins:

EDDIE

You know Neibolt Street? Where all those old houses are by the train-yard?

(beat)

A couple weeks ago, I was out there looking for Coke bottles-- for the nickels. There's a house almost at the end--

CUT TO:

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY [*]

Eddie walks up to #29 Neibolt Street, a bottle bag in hand. #29 is a squat grey "bungalow," abandoned like others on this street. It has a latticed porch skirt, one section of which has been torn off. Underneath, Eddie can see something glinting, bottles maybe.

He crouches at the opening. There is indeed a bunch of Coke bottles far back, almost to the foundation, beside a discarded blanket, dead leaves, and trash.

He crawls under a few feet to try to reach the bottles. He catches the edge of one and it slips away. He reaches in further, just as:

What he thought was a blanket suddenly rolls over and looks right into his face. It is a grossly diseased man, his face puffy with running lesions. Eddie screams.

The man is wearing rotten circus-striped pajamas. His nostrils are caked in dry pus and he has no hair except for a few clumps, all shocking orange. He reaches out a hand to Eddie as if waiting for a high five.

PENNYWISE

Hiya, Eddie! Gimme some skin!

Eddie scrambles back to the opening. When he climbs out, he trips.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Whoa! Come back! I'll catch you!
And then YOU CAN CATCH ME! You can
CATCH EVERYTHING I GOT, Eddie!

But Eddie is already back on his feet and running for his life down Neibolt Street.

BACK TO:

Up in the tree fort, Eddie finishes his story. All the boys' mouths are open. Eddie uses his aspirator.

BILL

You didn't d-dream it?

EDDIE

It was *real*. It happened. He knew my name. And he was trying to give me something.

RICHIE

It was probably some drunk living under there. I mean, I don't even think leprosy exists anymore--

BEN

He knew my name, too.

Eddie looks up, his face wet with tears.

BEN (CONT'D)

Last week. Right here in the Barrens. The same guy, although he wasn't sick when I saw him.

EDDIE

If you're kidding, say so. I still have nightmares about that thing.

BEN

I'm not. I thought he was from the circus, though, 'cause of the clown suit.

BILL

(with new intensity)
What suit?

BEN

He was wearing gloves and a colored suit with big orange buttons down the front. Pom-poms.

RICHIE

You guys must have seen the same bad movie on TV--

BILL

No. That's him.

(beat)

That s-suit. I didn't know what I was looking at then, but I do now.

Bill looks at them all, *furious*.

BILL (CONT'D)
That's the fucker who k-killed my
brother.

EXT. TOZIER HOUSE -- DUSK [*]

Bill and Richie walk up Witcham Street. Bill pushes
Silver. They stop in front of Richie's house. It's the
last hour of day and the fireflies are coming out.

RICHIE
You better come in and call your
folks so they don't go bananas.

BILL
Listen, Richie. We're gonna take a
l-look under that puh-porch.

Richie's mom is sitting on the porch reading a paperback.
She doesn't see them. They lower their voices.

RICHIE
Look, no offense Big Bill, but I
think all this is a little bogus.
I mean, I'll eat fish and I'll eat
meat, but there's just some shit I
will not eat.

BILL
I don't need you to believe it, I
just n-need you to come with me.
W-We gotta start somewhere.

RICHIE
Start what?

BILL
L-Looking for It.

RICHIE
What for? You want its autograph?

Richie's mom's voice startles them.

MRS. TOZIER
Richie, time to come inside.

RICHIE
Be right there, Mom!

BILL
Tomorrow. Noon. We'll m-meet be-
hind the school.
(beat)

(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)
Or maybe you'd rather w-wait
around until it comes after you.

Despite his doubts, this makes Richie shiver.

INT. TOZIER HOUSE, FAMILY ROOM -- NIGHT [*]

Richie, his parents, and his little sister are all watching television. They're watching "Bedtime With Bonzo." On the screen, Ronald Reagan is bottle-feeding a chimp.

MRS. TOZIER
That's your President, children.

Richie perks up, not quite believe what he's hearing.

RICHIE
Wait. Actors can turn out to be
President?!

Mr. Tozier says, mildly, from his recliner..

MR. TOZIER
Mostly, they just turn out to be
queers.

No one laughs. It's not a joke.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- NIGHT [*]

Beverly stands at the bathroom sink in her nightgown, brushing her teeth. Sounds from the VARIETY SHOW her father is watching drift in.

She spits into the sink and runs some water. When she turns it off, a VOICE comes up out of the drain.

VOICE
Help me.

Beverly freezes. The drain hole is pipe-dark.

VOICE (CONT'D)
Help me, Beverly.

It is the voice of a young boy. Beverly glances out the bathroom door. Her father is focused on the TV. Beverly looks back at the drain and says, quietly:

BEVERLY
Is someone there?

VOICE
We all want to meet you, Beverly.

Beverly looks under the sink, trying to find the source.

BEVERLY

Who are you?

VOICE

Matthew Clements. The clown took
me down here and pretty soon he'll
come and take you. Pretty soon!

She realizes her hair's over the drain and pulls it back.

VOICE (CONT'D)

You'll float down here. We all do!

The voice breaks up in a wet burp and suddenly a bubble
of bright blood backs up the drain and pops, spraying the
porcelain. Then the voice begins changing genders, ages:

VOICE (CONT'D)

I'm Matthew. I'm Betty. I'm Veron-
ica. I'm Georgie. We're down here.
Down here with the clown. And you!
We're down here with you! We
float. We *change*!

(beat)

We're coming, Bev! O we're coming!

And with that, a gout of blood belches from the drain and
spatters the mirror. Beverly screams. Another gout heaves
up and splashes on the cheap wallpaper. Beverly runs out.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT [*]

When Beverly runs in, Mr. Marsh is already climbing out
of his recliner, startled by her screams.

BEVERLY

Daddy! In the bathroom!

Mr. Marsh pushes past her and rushes to see. Beverly
waits for him to react, but he just stands in the bath-
room, his back to her. When he speaks, his voice is calm.

MR. MARSH

Beverly. You come in here.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- NIGHT [*]

The bathroom is small and her father is a big man. Bev-
erly can come in only as far as the door. It is a fright-
ening image, her father standing surrounded by the blood.
He turns to face her.

MR. MARSH

You scared the hell out of me.

Beverly looks around. There's blood on the mirror, the basin, on the floor and wallpaper. There's even blood on the light bulb over the sink, cooking onto the hot glass.

BEVERLY

Look--!

She can see blood from the sink soak into his work pants. He gives her a disgusted look, a tired look.

MR. MARSH

You've got three seconds to explain yourself.

Beverly is trying to understand what is happening. *Does he not see?! Three seconds go by, so he slaps her. Hard.*

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

I was watching TV in there. I don't interrupt you when you're at your homework, do I?

BEVERLY

But--

He slaps her again, this time harder. It knocks her back. Her eyes tear up, but only from the sting. Clearly being struck by this man is not something new to her.

MR. MARSH

I worry about you. I worry a lot.

She rallies.

BEVERLY

There was --a spider. It crawled out of the drain.

His demeanor shifts into something recognizably paternal. He takes a pen light out of his pocket and bends over the sink to look in the drain. Beverly stifles a warning.

MR. MARSH

Oh, you should have told me. All these old buildings got drains the size of freeways.

(beat)

When I worked at the high school, we'd get rats come up the toilets when the river was high. Drove the girls crazy.

He leans back up and clicks off the pen light. He puts a hand on Beverly's arm. She almost conceals her flinch.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

Don't think about it. I'm here.

And, in this moment of care, he hugs her, hugs her in their bloody bathroom. She hugs him back.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

Now go get in bed before your mother walks in and gives us hell.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, BEVERLY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Beverly is in bed, wide awake. In the next room, she can hear her parents having sex. Then it's quiet. After a moment, she hears her mom go into the bathroom. Beverly goes to her door and quietly opens it a crack.

Her mother washes her face at the bloody sink. She glances up and she and Beverly have silent eye contact. The light illuminates a faded bruise on Mrs. Marsh's cheek. Then she shuts the light and goes back to bed.

CUT TO:

INT. O'HARE INT'L AIRPORT, TERMINAL -- DAY

The airport is busy. In the center of it all, two women stand embracing. When they pull back, BEVERLY MARSH-ROGAN (38) is revealed, and she does not look well. Her lip is freshly split, and her eyes have an over-panicked look.

Her friend KAY (50) gives her a sad, proud smile.

KAY

Thank God you finally did it, Bev.
I mean that. Thank God.

BEVERLY

I'll pay you back what you lent me last night. I'd write a check, but I'm afraid Tom will freeze our account.

KAY

I should go show that son of a bitch what I can do with my belt.

BEVERLY

(quietly)
He didn't use his belt on me.

Kay grabs her by the arms, startling her.

KAY

Don't do that. Don't you stand there with a busted lip and welts all over you and tell me that.

(beat)

If you're done with Tom, you ought to be done with the lies as well.

A FLIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT is made.

BEVERLY

You make that sound simple.

KAY

It is. It's just not very easy.

(a long beat)

You look so scared.

Beverly doesn't dispute this. Or explain.

KAY (CONT'D)

All right. Go keep your promise, whatever it is. And do some thinking about what comes after.

She nods and hugs Kay one last time, then gets in line.

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

Beverly sits on her flight. The safety VIDEO has begun. She closes her eyes, and begins to cry.

STEWARDESS (INTERCOM)

Take a moment to find the exit nearest you. And remember, your closest exit may be behind you.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASSEY PARK -- DAY [*]

Beverly sits on a bench beside the "Standpipe," Derry's huge brick water tower. She looks wired and tired, as if she hasn't slept at all. From the hill here, she can see the canal cutting through town. It disappears under Front Street and then reappears a few blocks later where it joins the Penobscot River.

EDDIE (O.S.)

Hey, Beverly.

She looks up, wiping her eyes. Eddie is there, a Rubik's cube in hand.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Going to the movies?

She shakes her head, and reaches for his cube.

BEVERLY

Can I see it? I'll put it back--

He hands it over. She starts twisting it around, fast.

EDDIE

Don't bother. My approach wasn't working anyway.

BEVERLY

So what's playing?

EDDIE

Double feature. Haystack's springing for my ticket.

BEVERLY

Haystack?

EDDIE

Ben Hanscom. We call him Haystack. Well, Richie Tozier does.

BEVERLY

That's not very nice. --Here. You were pretty close.

She hands the Rubik's Cube back to Eddie. Solved. Eddie just looks at it. Beverly cheers up, a little.

EDDIE

You know the algorithms?!

BEVERLY

The what?

EDDIE

How did you learn? Who showed you?

BEVERLY

Nobody. I just figured it out.

EDDIE

Can you teach me?

Somewhere in town, CHURCH BELLS begin to ring.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Oh, crap. Haystack. I mean Ben! I told him I'd meet him early so we could get good seats.

(beat)

Hey, come with us. If you don't have to get home or anything--

Beverly jumps up immediately. *Home? No thanks.*

EXT. THE ALADDIN THEATRE -- DAY [*]

Eddie and Beverly walk to the theatre. Ben's not there.

EDDIE

He musta already went in.

But suddenly Ben appears at Eddie's elbow.

BEN

Did you see them?!

EDDIE

Who?

BEVERLY

Hi, Ben.

Ben suddenly realizes Beverly is standing with them. His breath actually catches in his throat.

BEN

Hey, Beverly.

EDDIE

Ben, who's here?

BEN

Bowers and those guys.

Eddie looks around, wary.

EDDIE

They must have sat down. I don't see 'em buying candy. Anyway, they'll sit in front with their feet up. We can go to the balcony.

BEN

I don't know.

EDDIE

If they give us any trouble, we'll sick "Foxy" after 'em.

Eddie gestures to the ticket booth where MRS. FOX (60) sits wearing plum-colored lipstick and drawn-on eyebrows. Ben is about to protest when Beverly says:

BEVERLY

They're just bullies, Ben. You can't let them run your life.

Ben looks at her, cornered now.

EXT. ROUTE 2, INTERSECTION WITH NEIBOLT -- DAY [*]

Bill putters down Route 2 on his moped, Richie riding double. They come to where Neibolt Street begins and turn in, passing a pockmarked sign reading: DEAD END.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY [*]

They ride slowly past one rotting house at a time, all lined up on one side of the street, facing the train yard like a funeral cortege. Finally, they pull up to #29.

BILL

There. That's gotta be it. Look at the porch.

Bill cuts Silver's engine and they climb off. Silent cloud shadows move over the street. It's deserted here.

RICHIE

This was a better idea yesterday.

BILL

Don't worry. We're together. None of the kids went missing in pairs, right?

They walk across the weedy front yard toward the part of the porch where the latticework is busted out. Bill crouches down and looks inside. A breeze stirs the wild sunflowers growing in the side yard, setting them nodding. Richie looks at them, spooked. When he turns back, Bill's already under the porch. Richie ducks in and follows.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, UNDER THE PORCH -- DAY [*]

Sunlight falls through the gaps between the porch boards, lighting up the dust as they crawl toward the house foundation.

RICHIE

Bill--

The dirt-crusted blanket from Eddie's story lies there. Slowly, Bill edges toward it, ready to flee at the first sign of life. He tweezes it with his fingers and then, all at once, pulls it aside.

Nothing. Behind it is a low cellar window. One pane is broken out, the other is opaque with dirt. Bill and Eddie look at one another, then they crawl up to the window.

THEIR POV: It is a dirt-floored cellar with stairs leading up to a closed door. A furnace sits in the corner.

He tries the window to see if it's locked. It swings out and up. Bill props it open with a scrap of lattice, then turns around and starts to slide through it, legs first.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Chrissake! What are you doing?!

BILL

Hold my arms and let me down slow.

Richie grabs Bill's arms so he doesn't fall, struggling not to drop him. Bill is halfway down when they both hear a sound, a DOOR CREAKING. They freeze.

EDDIE

Did you hear--

BILL

Shh--

They wait a long beat, but the house appears silent now.

RICHIE

Maybe I should pull you up--

But suddenly a shadow steps up behind Bill and begins pulling him into the cellar. Bill screams. It's all Richie can do not to lose his grip.

BILL

G-Get out of here, Richie!

But Richie pulls back as hard as he can. The scrap of wood gets knocked away and the window drops behind Bill's shoulder blades. The other pane of glass breaks over his back. Then the frame begins to crack, about to give way.

BILL (CONT'D)

Richie, RUN!

But, instead, Richie screams out in anger:

RICHIE

(from Scarface)

I'm Tony Montana, freak! You fuck with me you fuckin' with the best!

A HISS comes from behind Bill and, all at once, Richie is able to pull him out.

BILL

Quick!

A face appears at the window. It's the clown, but he's not entirely made up. He wears a huge red smile of grease-paint, and blue darts around his eyes, but the rest of his face is pale and hairless. When It speaks, it is in an effeminate voice.

PENNYWISE

Where you going? Party's down here
boys! We can have *such* a party
down here!

Bill scrambles away, but Richie screams at It again.

RICHIE

You wanna play rough? Okay! Say
hello to my little friend!

Richie throws a liquor bottle right in It's face.

It HISSES again, injured somehow by all of this. Not much, and not for long, but pain is clear on its face. Richie takes off after Bill.

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY [*]

Bill and Richie fly out from under the porch and run to Silver. They jump on.

PENNYWISE (O.S.)

Boys--

Richie looks back and sees that It's climbing out from under the porch, after them.

RICHIE

Let's go let's go let's go--!

Bill starts pedalling, pleading with the bike.

BILL

Hi-yo Silver-- Come on--

The bike begins to move slowly, but Silver's little motor won't catch. Bill gets up a little momentum.

RICHIE

COME ON, GO!

BILL

Come on! Come on!

Behind them, It comes swinging into view, out into the middle of Neibolt Street, in stained yellow gloves and a filthy sharkskin suit with orange pom-poms for a tie.

Bill leans on the pedals, the cords standing out in his neck. The engine COUGHS, then it CATCHES.

RICHIE

GO!!!! GO!!!!

Richie looks back and sees It is three feet behind them.

PENNYWISE

Come back, boys! Penny does it for a dime, he'll do it anytime. 15 cents for overtime! That's me, Pennywise! Pleased to meet-cha!

Pennywise takes a swipe at Richie and strikes the package carrier instead, throwing Silver off balance.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

It's like floating! I'll make you float, Richie! You know what I'm talking about, dont'cha? DONT'CHA WANT IT?! I KNOW YOU WANT IT!

Bill keeps his eyes pinned ahead of them, wrestling Silver into a straight line and REVVING it to full speed. Up ahead two blocks, cars pass by on Route 2.

RICHIE

Bill--

Richie is passing out. His sliding weight tilts Silver over, spilling them both into the street.

Bill whirls around, ready to fight for his life, but the street is empty. A few yards back, though, he can see one of It's orange pom-poms lying by the curb, the only color on this horrible street.

Richie's coming around after almost fainting. Bill puts an arm around his shoulder and Richie bursts into tears.

BILL

Duh-don't, R-Richie. Duh-don't--

But Bill cries as well, their tears leaving clean tracks through the dirt on their faces.

INT. ALADDIN THEATRE, BALCONY -- DAY [*]

ON SCREEN: The infamous "kitchen scene" from *Gremlins*.

Beverly hides in Ben's shoulder. Ben is nervous, but elated. The audience, full of kids, is having a good time. But then Eddie hunches down in his seat.

EDDIE

Cripes! Bowers. I think he saw us.

Ben looks and, sure enough, Henry Bowers is smiling up at them from the second row. Henry nudges Victor, who turns and looks also. Then they go back to watching the movie.

BEN

What do we do?!

BEVERLY

Just before the credits, we'll sneak out the back alley door. If they see we're gone, they'll think we went out front.

Ben doesn't look convinced.

LATER:

The final scene is up and Ben nudges Beverly, who nudges Eddie. They creep out of the balcony.

INT. ALADDIN THEATRE, EXIT CORRIDOR -- DAY [*]

They come through a set of curtains into a hall leading down the length of the theatre to the alley exit. Halfway down, though, Henry appears with Victor and Belch.

HENRY BOWERS

Show's not over, fuckface.

Henry begins walking menacingly toward Ben. But Beverly steps between them, completely unafraid.

BEVERLY

Leave him alone! He's a good kid!

HENRY BOWERS

He's gonna be a dead kid in a minute.

Suddenly, Mrs. Fox appears beside them all, eyebrows up.

MRS. FOX

(whispering)

What are you all doing? Get in or get out!

Ben, Eddie and Beverly make a run for it. Bowers follows.

EXT. ALADDIN THEATRE, ALLEY -- DAY [*]

They hurry out the door into the alley. It closes behind them. Bowers is about to burst through it when Eddie--in a moment of inspiration--takes a sawhorse leaning against the wall there and shoves it up under the handle.

Henry hits the door full speed, bouncing his face off the glass right in front of them. Beverly gasps.

There is a shocked beat, and then Ben and Eddie are laughing. Beverly knows better. Henry gets to his feet and looks at them with such fury that they run.

EXT. CENTER STREET -- DAY [*]

They down Center Street. As soon as they see they're not being followed, they slow to a walk.

BEN

Eddie, man, I didn't know you had it in you!

EDDIE

I just signed my death warrant.

BEVERLY

That was pretty brave.

BEN

What about you? You got right in Bowers' face.

BEVERLY

I'm not afraid of that creep.

EDDIE

Well, you really should be. He's not above pushing a girl.

Beverly looks at him with a strange smile.

BEVERLY

I'll be okay.

Ben is smiling, unable to keep from talking.

BEN

Beverly, you sure are great. I bet nothing scares you. Not like all the other girls at school. You're--

When Ben looks, though, Beverly is on the verge of tears.

BEN (CONT'D)
Oh, crap! What did I say?!

BEVERLY
It's not you, Ben. It's just--

She looks at them both, deciding how much to tell them.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
I need to show you guys something.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- DAY [*]

Beverly leads Ben and Eddie through her back door. They listen to the silence for a moment.

BEVERLY
My Dad would kill me if he knew I brought a couple of boys home.

EDDIE
Why?

Ben hits Eddie in the arm to shut him up. Beverly leads them down the hall to the bathroom. When she opens the door, it's like opening up a slaughterhouse.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, BATHROOM -- DAY [*]

The blood is still spattered on the walls where it has dried, untouched. A long beat as the boys look around.

BEVERLY
Do you see it? Either of you?

Ben steps forward and points to the wall, the sink, the mirror. His voice is flat and authoritative.

BEN
Here. Here. Here.

EDDIE
It looks like somebody killed a pig in here.

BEN
Your folks couldn't see it?

She shakes her head.

BEVERLY
I don't know how I can ever come in here alone again.

BEN

We could clean it up. Maybe we couldn't get it all off the wall-paper--it looks sorta on its last legs--but we could get the rest.

BEVERLY

You'd do that?

Ben looks at Eddie, who nods. Beverly looks quite moved.

LATER:

They all scrub the bathroom. Little by little, the blood disappears. Finally, Ben changes the light bulb over the sink. All that's left is a meaningless pink smear on one wall. Eddie looks over everything with a critical eye.

EDDIE

It's the best we can do, I think.

BEVERLY

Thank you, guys. So much.

Ben sticks out his hand.

BEN

Welcome to the club.

BEVERLY

What club?

EXT. THE BARRENS, THE TREE FORT -- DAY [*]

All of them are up in the tree fort. The circle is now complete.

BILL

It was him. It was the fucker Pen-nywise. In another disguise.

EDDIE

(to Beverly)

It pretended to be a leper when I saw it.

BEN

I saw It as a clown, but only because clowns have candy.

(beat)

Who knows what It really is.

EDDIE

We should tell someone.

BEVERLY

My parents couldn't see it. Maybe no teachers could, or police, or anybody but kids.

EDDIE

But what are we supposed to do about it? We are kids.

RICHIE

Do? I don't want to do anything about it! I want to forget it!

BEVERLY

It's not that easy. I heard Ronnie Grogan, and the Clements boy--

RICHIE

So what?!

BEVERLY

So what if It gets more? What if it gets more kids?

BILL

Beverly, when it talked to you in all those voices, was one of them my brother's? Georgie's?

A beat. Beverly nods. Bill's eyes go hard like slate.

BILL (CONT'D)

I w-want to kill it.

RICHIE

How?! How are you gonna do that?

Ben nips this right in the bud.

BEN

We. How are we gonna do that?

Bill and Ben exchange a look, sober and grateful.

BILL

We'll figure it out, but right now I need to know who's in.

(beat)

I think-- I think *this* is the real club.

BEN

Call the question, Bill.

Bill puts his hand out in the middle of their circle.

BILL

Who's gonna help me s-stop It?

Beverly is the first to put out her hand. Ben follows. Then Eddie. Finally, after a beat, Richie puts his hand on top of the stack.

ADULT BILL (V.O.)

How perfect we were all there that summer. We knew kids who were at Scout camp or church camp, kids whose parents had taken them on unplanned trips, who'd read enough in the papers to know that "away" was a better choice. But not ours.

(beat)

So we found each other. And I've always believed we were supposed to. Whatever force was behind that thing we feared, there seemed to be an equal and opposite force on our side. How else can I explain how we made it out alive, despite all odds? How else can I explain our Losers' Club?

CUT TO:

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Witcham Street is quiet. Only a few lights are on in the houses there. In the Denbrough house, they're all on.

VOICE ON PHONE

Derry Town Home.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S OLD ROOM -- NIGHT

Bill is on the phone, in his room of clippings and info.

BILL

This is Bill Denbrough. I reserved some rooms there for the weekend. I just wanted to know if everyone has ch-checked in.

A beat. Was that a stutter?

VOICE ON PHONE

Let's see. Tozier, Kaspbrak, Rogan and Hanscom. All here, Sir.

Bill allows himself to breathe. So far, so good.

VOICE ON PHONE (CONT'D)

Would you like me to connect you
with any of them?

BILL

No, no. Let them sleep. We've got
a big d-d-day tomorrow. Thank you.

He hangs up quickly. It is a stutter. He looks out his
window into the dark night. His stutter is coming back,
along with who knows what else.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. ORONOKA DINER -- DAY

The diner is bright and welcoming--a long, tin-ceilinged
room with photos from Derry's history on all the walls.
Bill can be seen through the front windows, parking. He
comes in and sees the other Losers.

They are all sitting around a big table way in back. For
a moment, Bill sees them as they were the summer of '85.
As soon as this image congeals, it fades.

He walks up. The moment is a little formal for a second.
But then Richie leans back in his chair and says:

RICHIE

How long you been waxing your
head, Big Bill?

And then everyone is laughing and getting up to hug Bill.

BILL

You're so full of shit, Tozier,
you squeak going into a turn.

Another CONVERSATIONAL MONTAGE shows everyone eating and
catching up in a wide-ranging conversation:

BEN

I went on the Ben-Hanscom-Fuck-You-
All diet and started running. Ran
everywhere. Since college. Seven
days a week, rain or shine.

RICHIE

My official title is "The Man of a
Thousand Voices." But it's really
just fourteen. All of them class-
ist, agist, racist, mysognistic,
or otherwise ignorant.

EDDIE

It's small, just 20 employees. I started it with my wife, Myra. It was her idea. I need to call her. For all I know she could be in bed with Al Pacino right now.

BEVERLY

Dressmaking. You couldn't get me to put on a skirt as a girl and now I'm designing wedding gowns. Really girly wedding gowns.

BILL

Your CNN communications tower in New York, Ben. I turned a picture of it on its side and realized-- it's just that big glass passageway at the library.

BEN

It's amazing what stays with you.

RICHIE

And what doesn't.

Another round of drinks comes and, when the waitress leaves, Beverly holds up her glass. Everyone joins her.

BEVERLY

To us. To the Losers.

They clink glasses and drink. When they put their glasses down the mood has shifted.

BEN

So spill it, Bill. Tell us what's been happening here.

BILL

I can tell you what's going on now. As far as '85, I think it's better if you remember most of it on your own. If I tell you too much, all at once--

RICHIE

We'll leave?

BILL

Actually, I was thinking you might not believe me.

(beat)

How much do you remember?

BEVERLY

Pieces. Some of it seems like something I dreamed. I don't have any kind of big picture.

EDDIE

At first I thought that was normal. I mean, it's been decades, right? People forget stuff. But the more I couldn't remember, I realized: I've blocked it out.

RICHIE

You remember a lot, Bill?

BILL

Everything.

They all look at him, unbelieving.

BILL (CONT'D)

I never left. I see all these same places every day. I see the same family names on mailboxes. I shop at some of the same stores.

(beat)

I never let it scab over.

BEN

That means you never let it heal.

BILL

I don't think any of us *healed*. We coped when we were kids. We adjusted. But we didn't defeat It.

EDDIE

We thought we did.

BEN

Maybe. If we really believed that, why would we promise to come back?

BILL

I made you promise.

BEVERLY

And then you stayed to keep watch. Why, Bill?

BILL

We'll get to that.

He takes out a folder and starts passing around recent newspaper articles.

BILL (CONT'D)

In April, a boy named Frederick Cowan was killed. His mother found him in an upstairs bathroom, drowned in a toilet. He was three.

BEVERLY

Oh, Bill!

BILL

Mrs. Cowan was hanging clothes in the yard when she heard him struggling. As she run up the stairs, she said she could hear the toilet flushing over and over.

RICHIE

Could it have been accidental?

BILL

His back had been broken.

(beat)

Also in April, Adam Terrault, ten, was found under a porch on--

BEN

(suddenly)

Neibolt Street.

BILL

#29. A policeman saw his hand sticking out. He'd been there for weeks, choked with a pair of--

There is a GASPING sound that makes everyone flinch. It's Eddie, taking a hit off his aspirator.

RICHIE

Eddie Kaspbrak blasts off!

EDDIE

Sorry. I forgot all about Neibolt Street. Oh my God.

BEVERLY

What happened there-- I don't--?

BILL

You'll remember.

(beat)

The Hawn twins, Sam and Nick, ten, have been missing since May.

BEN

Anyone connect this back to '85?

BILL

No. At least not publically.

EDDIE

What are the police *saying*?

BILL

They're looking for a serial killer, a man, and they're bending over backwards to make all the-- *peculiarities* go away.

RICHIE

Sounds familiar.

BILL

I'd kept tabs on all of you over the years. Thank God for the fucking Internet. But I held off calling. I wish I hadn't. But I needed to be absolutely sure before I disturbed your lives.

EDDIE

What did it for you?

BILL

Jerry Bellwood, a fifth-grader. He was found off Kansas Street yesterday, near where I used to hide my bike when we were in the Barrrens.

EDDIE

"Silver." I just remembered that.

BILL

I took this a couple of hours after they removed the body. No one else could see it but me.

He holds up a photo of the message scrawled on the wall.
"Come Home. Come Home. Come Home."

BEVERLY

It *wanted* us to come back?

RICHIE

I don't like the sound of that.

BILL

We did balk It. Hurt It. Could be It wants another round with us.

RICHIE

But now? Why wait so many years?

BILL

I have an idea about that. I can walk you through it tonight.

(beat)

Until then, I think we ought to split up for the rest of the day. Give you some time to go back to the places you remember best, jog more loose, flex your imaginations a little.

(beat)

Except maybe for the Barrens. I don't think any of us should go down there. Not yet.

BEN

You're talking about plugging us back into the situation alone. You think that's safe?

BILL

You have a whole summer to try to remember. I don't think it'll happen if we're together, interrupting each other's memories.

(beat)

I just don't see how we can fight it otherwise.

BEVERLY

"Pennywise." That was It's name.

BILL

We'll build the wheel today. Tonight we'll see if it spins. And tomorrow--God willing--we'll take it for a ride.

(beat)

If something happens you're not prepared for, just run.

Beverly laughs, morosely.

BEVERLY

What else did you think we were planning on doing?

RICHIE

(as Michael Jackson)

I'm a lover not a fighter.

EDDIE

Can it hurt us? Now that we're grown up?

BILL

I don't know. I wouldn't be surprised if It makes an appearance. Just remember, It plays tricks. Tells lies.

A beat. Bill doesn't answer. Everyone considers this.

RICHIE

We're really gonna have ourselves some chucks this time.

EXT. ORONOKA RESTAURANT -- DAY

They come outside and start putting on their jackets.

BILL

I close the library at 7. Meet me there at 7:30 sharp. If any of us is late, we'll take that to mean there's been some trouble. Until then--

(beat)

Welcome home.

WALKING TOURS MONTAGE:

The members of the group spread out around Derry. Richie has jumped in a cab. Ben's changed into his trainers and is running Kansas Street end to end. Eddie visits the hospital, Beverly the Standpipe.

EXT. DERRY CEMETARY -- DAY

Bill is at his brother's grave. It is one of those headstones with a cameo-shaped enameled photo of the deceased fixed on it. It reads: GEORGE M. DENBROUGH 1979-1985.

Beside it is his parents' headstone. Bill has kept them all trimmed and clean. He looks around the cemetery. He's all alone today. He whispers to his mother's grave:

BILL

He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the g-ghosts.

He's clearly frustrated he can't get through this rhyme. He says to the air around him:

BILL (CONT'D)

So come on out. Show your face.

EXT. LINCOLN STREET -- DAY

Richie pays the driver and gets out of the cab downtown. As it pulls away, he crosses the street. Downtown is a strange hybrid of old and new. For every century-old edifice, there is a hideous 1970s bank.

When Richie turns to head toward the high school, he sees, down the street a block: A red balloon is tied to a sewer grate.

CUT TO:

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, LOBBY -- DAY

Ben is standing in the lobby of the library in his running clothes. He looks around at the quiet holiness of this place. In the adult reading area, he sees himself as a kid, with most of the other Losers.

Bill, Ben, Richie, and Beverly (11) are sitting at one of the tables in the main library. They are surrounded by books, with titles like: "UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENON," "FOLK TALES OF EUROPE AND THE AMERICAS" and "DEVIL-DEMON-WITCHCRAFT."

Ben reads to them quietly from this last book:

BEN

Here it is again. "The town had not enough silver for a sword, but for a hammer, which they forged before the tallus returned."

(beat)

That's silver for devils, silver for lycanthropes, silver for glamour and silver for --talluses.

Mrs. Starrett walks by and whispers to them.

MRS. STARRETT

Look at you kids working so hard.
Don't forget, it's summer!

They all give her a bright smile, but when she passes by, they go back to their serious talk.

RICHIE

A hammer's no good. I don't want to have to get that close.

BEN

Anyone good with a bow?

BEVERLY

Where's Eddie? He should be here for this.

RICHIE

What about Bill's slingshot?

When the image fades, Ben (38) again sees the library is its modernized self, with its padded chairs and computer terminals where the card catalogues used to be.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, PASSAGEWAY -- DAY

Ben comes down the glass passageway connecting the main library to the children's wing. It's less remarkable now that he's six feet tall, but still impressive.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHILDREN'S WING -- DAY

The children's wing still has the same charm--all the child-sized furniture, low shelves. And in the middle, a young CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN is reading to a group of a dozen children. Ben smiles until he realizes what story she is reading.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

(as the Troll)

'Who's that trip-trapping upon my bridge?' the troll called.

EXT. BRIDGE STREET -- DAY

Richie walks to the red balloon and looks around. There's nothing else. But then he sees another balloon, a blue one, a block further, heading toward the canal. He goes. When gets to it, he sees a third balloon, yellow, out in the dead middle of one of downtown's bridges. He walks out to it.

This spot has a perfect view of Front Street where the canal goes under downtown. He is a block away, where one might take the perfect postcard shot of it.

He is about to continue on his tour when he sees: movement under the bridge.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHILDREN'S WING -- DAY

Ben looks for a particular book. It takes him a moment, but he finds it. It's called "Bulldozer." Ben opens it to the back. The old card is still there in its pocket.

Under "NAME OF BORROWER" he sees his own handwriting. The due date reads "July 9, 1985." He next flips to the front and sees it still has one of Henry Bowers' boot prints on its cover page.

Except it looks fresh. A beat. Then Ben touches it, and gets some mud on his fingertip.

EXT. BRIDGE STREET -- DAY

Richie watches a lone BOY walks out of the darkness under Front Street, in ankle-deep water. He comes out and stands at the opening of the tunnel, and watches Richie.

In a different part of the tunnel, another little BOY, comes out. This boy is wearing a romper suit, not from this century.

Suddenly, dozens upon dozens of children come out of the darkness and stand, alone and in small groups, in front of the tunnel. Some climb up to the low shelves of the piers arranging themselves as if for some macabre school photograph. More children come. Soon there are a hundred kids or more standing there across the wide entrance of the underground tunnel, all watching Richie.

Richie's scared as fuck, but he's unable to run or look away. All of the traffic on Front Street, all the pedestrians along the canal, all of it goes on, as normal.

And then, like a Grand Master of Ceremonies, Pennywise himself appears, climbing out of the dark on stilts, like a spider. He takes his place in the center of the tableau and begins juggling.

Faintly, Richie can hear CALLIOPE MUSIC. Pennywise does a few more tricks, as if to amuse the children, then he finally seems to notice Richie. He locks eyes with Richie across the stretch of the canal.

Suddenly, he starts toward Richie, able to cross the span of a city block fast on his high stilts. As he approaches the bridge Richie is on, he flashes his horrible grin. Richie begins to panic and back away.

Pennywise appears beside the bridge right in front of Richie.

PENNYWISE

What's a matter, Richie. Don'tcha reckernize me?!

Richie hightails it off the bridge, running for his life.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, CHILDREN'S WING -- DAY

Ben is startled by a LIBRARY AIDE (20), a pretty college girl in barrettes, who appears at his elbow.

LIBRARY AIDE

Can I help you, Sir?

She is smiling, but clearly on alert. He looks past her and sees a sign hung on the notice board reading: REMEMBER THE CURFEW. 7 P.M. DERRY POLICE DEPARTMENT.

BEN

No thank you. I'm just --looking for my son.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

(in a princely voice)

'Well, come along! I've got two horns, And I'll poke at your eyes 'til your face is torn--' Billy Goat Gruff said.

(in a growly voice)

'Now I 'm coming to gobble you up,' roared the troll.

LIBRARY AIDE

What's his name? I know most of the kids.

Behind him, the Librarian's voice has grown more deeper, more hideous.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

'I'll slit your gut and drink your soul and pierce your heart with a rigmarol--'

BEN

Hanscom. Ben Hanscom.

Suddenly, a BOOMING YELL explodes behind him. It is so loud, and so scary, Ben actually ducks his head. The Aide is oblivious, of course.

LIBRARY AIDE

All you all right?

PENNYWISE

Turn around, fatboy.

BEN

(to the Library Aide)

Sorry. I just suddenly felt--

LIBRARY AIDE

Sit down. Let me get you a glass of water.

Before he can reply, she rushes off. An overhead light behind him flares and then burns out. Then Ben hears the familiar voice--

PENNYWISE

Turn around, Benny. I got a balloon for you!

Ben slowly turns around, and there it is: Pennywise is sitting in place of the Librarian, in front of the group of children.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

I've got balloons for all of you.

Pennywise throws his head back with explosive laughter.

BEN

(quietly, to himself)
Don't listen--

PENNYWISE

It's not a kid's party anymore, though, is it? No more cotton candy for you, no more Choo-Choos for your Boo-Boos. Cause it's almost time to start the big boy rides. And you're a very big boy. HONK!

Pennywise play-bites the air. And a drop of blood lands on Ben's hand. Then another lands on his shirt.

More drops of blood fall from the ceiling. Ben can see them now, hitting table-tops, displays, and bookshelves around the room. When he looks back, the children have been replaced by old men and women, all naked and sitting on the ground in uncomfortable positions.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

You'll like the big boy rides. I apple-solutely guarantee it. Jesus Pleasus. They go all night. Rain or shine. ALL NIGHT!

And now a rain of blood begins pouring down. Blood runs down between the spines of books everywhere, running out onto the floors in red fans. The roller blinds on all the windows begin to sag with the weight of it.

Surreally, the librarian appears at Ben's side, smiling through the gory downpour.

LIBRARY AIDE

Are you feeling any better--?

She offers him a paper cup of water. Ben pushes it away and turns to leave. He staggers out the glass passageway, Pennywise shouting after him.

PENNYWISE

Tell your friends, Benny! We're
all back now. And we're gonna ride
all night long! HA! HA!

Ben starts to run. People watch him go by.

EXT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, ENTRANCE -- DAY

Ben comes out into the daylight. He looks frantically at his clothes, but he's fine. No blood. Up and down Center Street, life goes on as usual. Ben stifles a sob.

He takes out his cell phone to call Bill, but his phone just reads: KILL YOU KILL YOU KILL YOU KILL YOU KILL YOU.

INT. CENTER STREET DRUG, ENTRANCE -- DAY

Eddie comes into the drug store to find a larger chain has bought it out. It is now stripped of any small-town charm it ever had. There aren't many people inside. A cashier, bored, reads a magazine. Another Employee mops the floor in one of the aisles. Eddie heads back toward the pharmacy.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTER STREET DRUG, PHARMACY -- DAY [*]

When Eddie (11) comes up to the pharmacy counter, the pharmacy assistant, RUBY (20), greets him. The pharmacy is decked out for the 4th of July.

RUBY

Hey Eddie.

He hands her up a prescription sheet, then he wanders over to the comic book rack and gives it a spin. When he glances up, Mr. Keene is looking at him.

MR. KEENE

Come back to the office for a second, Eddie. I want to talk to you.

Eddie looks at him, unsure.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

Come on, son. I won't bite.

Mr. Keene lifts the counter-gate and Eddie goes back.

INT. CENTER STREET DRUG, MR. KEENE'S OFFICE -- DAY [*]

Mr. Keene motions to a chair and Eddie sits. He takes a seat behind his desk. He looks at Eddie for a beat.

MR. KEENE

How old are you, Eddie? Twelve?

EDDIE

I'll be twelve in November.

MR. KEENE

Old enough to want to make up your own mind about things. Am I right?

Eddie's breathing is starting to tense up. Mr. Keene opens his desk drawer and takes out a small box. *HyDrox Mist*. It's a new aspirator. He sets it on his desk.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

Try to loosen up, Eddie. Most of your trouble comes from being so tight and stiff all the time.

He goes into his drawer and takes something else out, a balloon. He blows it up big and then pinches it shut.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

A lung is a bit like this balloon.

EDDIE

Mr. Keene, can I have my medicine?

MR. KEENE

Just listen. I'm hoping you won't need your medicine afterward.

This isn't what Eddie is expecting to hear. *Not need his medicine? Has Mr. Keene found a cure for asthma?*

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

If the muscles that cover it are tense, like this--

To illustrate, Mr. Keene squeezes the balloon. Hard.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

Then they squeeze, which can feel-- well, a lot like asthma.

Unable to breathe, Eddie grabs the box, claws the aspirator out, and plugs it into his mouth. He triggers it until his breathing stabilizes. Oddly, Mr. Keene smiles.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

You feel much better now?

EDDIE

I had my medicine.

Mr. Keene lets the air out of the balloon.

MR. KEENE

That's what I'm trying to tell you. You didn't have anything. Not a thing. There's nothing in that aspirator but water.

Eddie looks at the box.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

"HydrOx." That stands for hydrogen and oxygen. Plain old water. Maybe a little camphor to flavor it.

EDDIE

Why would you trick me?

MR. KEENE

It's not me. I give you what your doctor tells me to.

(beat)

Dr. Handor prescribes this to keep your mother off his back. She can be a difficult woman to deal with.

EDDIE

I have asthma. You just saw me.

MR. KEENE

There's a big difference between having it here--

He points to his lungs, then at his head.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)

And having it here.

EDDIE

I have it in my lungs. I feel it.

MR. KEENE

As I said, what you have is tightness and stress.

(MORE)

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)
Likely from your mom always
telling you how fragile you are.
But you're not.

EDDIE
Stop talking about my mother.

MR. KEENE
She's put you in the middle, Ed.

On some level, Eddie's understanding everything Mr. Keene
is saying. Even so, he gets up.

MR. KEENE (CONT'D)
Wait. Just hear me out--

Eddie surprises them both by shouting.

EDDIE
No! We pay you your money, every
month, so leave us alone!

A tired, sad look crosses Mr. Keene's face.

MR. KEENE
That even sounds like your mother.

Eddie doesn't wait to hear any more. He screws up his
face in anger and humiliation, and bolts out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTER STREET DRUG, PHARMACY -- DAY

Eddie (38) watches his younger self run past to the exit,
where he runs out into the bright street. But when he
turns, he also finds himself face to face with Pennywise.

It's wearing some clownish approximation of a janitor's
uniform and has left a long trail of bloody mop strokes
behind him. Eddie looks down and sees his pant legs and
shoes have been splashed with it.

PENNYWISE
Sorry, Eddie! Did I get any onya?!

Eddie bites back a scream and runs out as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTER STREET DRUG -- DAY [*]

Eddie (11) slams out the pharmacy door and runs across
the intersection until he is out of view of the pharmacy.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY [*]

He stops to rest in an alley, his breathing tightening into a whine. He takes out his aspirator, hating it, but needing it just as badly. He plugs it into his mouth and it calms his breathing in seconds. All lies.

EXT. COSTELLO AVENUE -- DAY [*]

Eddie walks down the alley toward home. When he emerges at Costello Avenue, he runs right into Henry Bowers and Victor Criss, who are outside Gedreau's Deli, opening up some fireworks they've just bought.

HENRY BOWERS

If it isn't my old friend the
Doorman.

Eddie freezes. Henry does not smile this time. Out the market door behind them comes Belch Huggins. Eddie tries to run, but Henry darts forward and grabs the back of his shirt and swings him back into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY [*]

Eddie falls on his face on the dirty pavement, the wind knocked out of him. Henry pounces on him, cranking Eddie's arm behind his back. Eddie yells in pain. Victor and Belch crouch down next to him.

EDDIE

You're hurting me--!

HENRY BOWERS

You got it.

Henry pulls up Eddie's arm even harder.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

This is for messing with me.

EDDIE

Please--!

Eddie is almost hysterical, anticipating the agony.

HENRY BOWERS

This is for laughing.

Henry yanks even harder and there is a clear CRACK. They all hear it. Eddie's face pales as the break registers.

Eddie has a flat-on-the-pavement view of the sewer grate a few feet from them. Through his tears, he can see: Pennywise is there, laughing silently into its hands, as if at a magic show. It gives Eddie a dainty wave.

Suddenly, a man's voice startles all of them.

MR. GEDREAU (O.S.)

Stop that now! Let that boy up!

It's MR. GEDREAU (55), a moment too late, standing in the mouth of the alley in his long white apron. He comes over and actually pulls Henry up by the arm. They stand face-to-face.

MR. GEDREAU (CONT'D)

I don't hold with bullies. I don't hold with three against one.

Victor and Belch look away in shame, but Henry does not.

MR. GEDREAU (CONT'D)

You get your backpacks and go--

Henry does the unthinkable. He shoves Mr. Gedreau, hard. The man falls backward, landing on his ass on the sidewalk in front of his shop.

MR. GEDREAU (CONT'D)

Why you--

But Henry takes a step forward. Even though he's only 13, they are fairly matched.

HENRY BOWERS

Get inside.

While everyone is focused on Mr. Gedreau, he starts getting up, trying not to cry out from the pain in his arm.

MR. GEDREAU

I'm calling the police.

When Henry takes a step toward him, Eddie bolts. He runs past Henry and Mr. Gedreau and out into Kenduskeag Road.

HENRY BOWERS

GET HIM!

EXT. KENDUSKEAG ROAD -- DAY [*]

Gedreau's Deli is at the edge of downtown. Kenduskeag Road runs two more blocks with a paved sidewalk and some houses before it narrows and heads into the woods.

Eddie runs until he sees a turnoff leading down into the Barrens. He looks back. They're catching up. Henry whips something at him--a small, smoking ball. It EXPLODES a few feet behind him. Despite the pain in his arm, Eddie runs faster.

EXT. DERRY GRAVEL PIT -- DAY [*]

Bill, Ben, Beverly, and Richie are in the gravel pit, practicing with Bill's slingshot. They've set up a line of soda cans to shoot at. It's Beverly's turn. She lines up her shot and lets fly. The can goes skittering across the ground.

BILL

That's four for four.

Ben picks up the can and sees Beverly's shot has torn a hole right through the aluminum.

RICHIE

Lucky shots.

BILL

That's four more than y-you got.

RICHIE

My hands were sweaty.

BEN

Your aim is sweaty.

Beverly lines up her next shot and is about to fire when they hear: a BOOM somewhere in the Barrens.

RICHIE

(as *The Chinaman*)

*Happy third of Ju-rye! Rooks rike
we not the onry ones with fire-
clackers.*

But then there is a BIGGER BOOM, closer than the first. They all look back toward the dump. Bill looks alert, like a deer scenting trouble.

BEVERLY

Was that a gun?

BILL

An M-80, I think.

BEN

Bev, you b-better go back to the fort for a while. Just in c-case.

Beverly looks at him incredulously.

BEVERLY
Shit on *that*, Ben Hanscom.

EXT. DERRY TOWN DUMP -- DAY [*]

Eddie runs across the dump and into the woods on the other side. The track forks and he takes the downhill side. He's gasping, wearing down.

EXT. DERRY GRAVEL PIT -- DAY [*]

Eddie comes around the corner to find he is at the back fence of the gravel yard. There is a chain-link gate, but it's locked, so he begins up it. He has to climb slowly, with only one arm. He can hear their footfalls coming up behind him. He's just about to climb over the top when Henry runs up and grabs his foot.

HENRY BOWERS
Here it comes, fucker!

But Eddie yanks his foot up. His sneaker comes off in Henry's hand. Then, before Henry can grab at him again, Eddie pistons his bare foot back down on Henry's nose, breaking it.

Henry falls back, hands over his face. Eddie half climbs, half falls down the other side. Blood is running between Henry's fingers, but when he lowers his hands, he is grinning at Eddie. They face each other through the fence.

EDDIE
Just stop it! I didn't want to do that!

HENRY BOWERS
You think I'm gonna stop now? I'm never gonna stop now.

EDDIE
You're crazy, you know that?!

Henry starts up the fence. Eddie runs.

VICTOR CRISS
Henry, I don't know--

HENRY BOWERS
You *better* know.

Reluctantly, Victor begins climbing with Belch.

INT. DERRY GRAVEL YARD -- DAY [*]

Henry, Victor, and Belch run up the weedy track to where the gravel pit opens up. When they make it into the pit proper, they slide to a halt:

Bill, Ben, Beverly, and Richie are spread out in a straight line up a slope of gravel. Eddie is climbing up toward them and when he gets close, Bill reaches out and helps him the rest of the way up.

HENRY BOWERS

What the fuck is this?

(looking at Bill)

I know you, kid.

He looks next to Richie, and then to the others.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

And look! The fag and the fatboy
are here, too. That your girl-
friend, fatboy?

But Bill says, softly, but clearly:

BILL

The B-Barrens are ours. You kids g-
get out of here.

Henry looks up at Bill and laughs. It's a laugh full of implied beatings, ridicule, and pain. Richie takes off his glasses and puts them in his pocket.

BILL (CONT'D)

We're through taking your shit, B-
Bowers. Get out, n-n-now.

HENRY BOWERS

You stuttering freak--

Henry starts up the slope toward Bill. Bill does not flinch. He throws, with force and accuracy, a rock that tags Henry in the collarbone. Henry cries out, stunned. Before he can react, another hits him on the crown of his head.

HENRY BOWERS (CONT'D)

Vic, Belch-- COME ON.

Bill says to the Losers, without pleasure:

BILL

Make it hurt.

Bill does not wait to see if anyone will follow. He starts down the slope toward Henry, throwing rock after rock. But everyone does follow. They throw before the older boys have a chance to throw back.

It is brutal for kids this age; no one is playing now. Victor is hit and so is Belch, but they begin firing back. Henry scoops up a jag of rock and drills it, fast-ball style, into Beverly's chest. She cries out.

Infuriated, Ben rushes Henry like a linebacker and drops him to the ground, face first. Before Henry can get to his feet, Ben kicks him square in the ass, hard, sending him skidding away on the rocky ground ten feet.

BEN

Asshole!

But Henry has taken the moment to pop a match on another M-80. He throws it right at Ben's face.

Ben sees it coming and slaps it, like a badminton birdie, back at Henry. Henry's eyes widen and he barely has time to roll out of the way before it explodes, blackening the back of his shirt. Henry screams.

A moment later, Ben is hit in the ear with a rock, which drives him to his knees. Belch Huggins has tagged him, and now begins coming at Ben, two more rocks in his hand.

But Bill pegs Belch on the back of the head. Belch whirls around, yelling:

BELCH HUGGINS

You hit me from behind, you fucking dirtyfighter!

He goes to charge Bill, but Eddie and Richie pelt him with rocks, driving him back and splitting his eyebrow.

Beverly moves up to rejoin them. Rocks fly. Belch yells as one of them clips his elbow. Henry gets to his feet, but Ben nails him again. Victor strikes Eddie with a rock to his chin.

Ben goes to help him, but Eddie is already back on his feet, winging rocks back despite his tears.

Victor throws a nasty one at Bill's head. Bill snaps back in time, but he turns to Victor with a look so intense and murderous, Victor, next rock in hand, hesitates.

Bill is holding a baseball-sized piece of rough quartz. It looks like it weighs a pound. He looks at Victor.

BILL

You g-get out of here now or I'm
going to split your h-head open. I
m-mean it.

Victor sees he's serious. And drops the rock he is
holding. Belch looks to Henry, uncertain.

BILL (CONT'D)

Get out.

HENRY BOWERS

What if we won't?

Henry's trying to sound brave, but he's clearly in pain.

BILL

I-If you won't, we're g-gonna put
you in the h-h-hospital.

HENRY BOWERS

For a fucking runt like him?

BILL

For a friend. You know what that
is, B-Bowers? A friend.

(beat)

You're not going to b-bother us
anymore.

HENRY BOWERS

I'm not gonna bother you. I'm
gonna fucking kill ALL OF YOU--

But he instantly takes Bill's quartz in the middle of the
forehead. He stumbles back. When he looks up, he is
crying in spite of himself. Belch and Victor look away.

BILL

No you're n-not. And you're not
coming back here anymore. The Bar-
rens are o-ours.

HENRY BOWERS

This isn't Portland, Denbrough.
It's Derry. I can be everywhere!
You understand me?! Everywhere!

Humiliated and furious, Henry stalks back the way they
came. After an awkward moment, the others follow. Only
Belch turns back and says, in parting:

BELCH HUGGINS

You're gonna wish you hadn'ta done
that, kid.

The five of them stand watching the older boys leave. All of them are bleeding from some place. There's no pleasure in having won. They just look tired.

Eddie's wheezing and his arm is swollen and discolored. He cradles it against his heaving chest. Bill goes over.

BILL

I'm sorry, Eddie. Let's get you some help.

Eddie nods. Richie watches all of this, his eyes on Bill.

INT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL, WAITING AREA -- DAY [*]

Bill, Ben, Beverly, and Richie sit in the hospital's waiting area. When Mrs. Kaspbrak comes out to speak to the admissions nurse, they all go up to her.

BILL

How is he, Mrs. Kaspbrak?

Her eyes narrow.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Eddie's sleeping. He's heavily medicated, for the pain. I don't think he'd like to see you.

BILL

That's okay. We can come back.

MRS. KASPBRAK

I don't think so.

They look at her, not sure they've heard correctly.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

Streetfighting. My Eddie, streetfighting. And they put him in a hospital! Thanks to you! Well I've talked to him and he agrees. He doesn't want to see you anymore. My son is done with you. Done!

BEVERLY

Mrs. Kaspbrak--

MRS. KASPBRAK

Don't you dare! Don't you dare talk back to me, girl!

She has raised her voice too much. The receptionist rolls her eyes and begins over to tell her to quiet down.

INT. DERRY HOME HOSPITAL, EDDIE'S ROOM -- DAY

Eddie is at the window, in a cast, looking down at Hospital Road. He can see Bill and the others walking back toward town. Behind him, his mother comes in.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Eddie! You should be resting.

He does not reply, but merely turns and gets back in bed.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

(smiling)

The doctor says it's just a greenstick fracture. Like a boy gets falling from a tree. I don't even think we need a second opinion. He says you can go home in a few hours.

She sit down just beside the bed. He does not smile back.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

Eddie, are you hearing me?

EDDIE

You sent my friends away.

He says this with clear, hard eyes. It's not a question.

MRS. KASPBRAK

What, love?

EDDIE

You sent my friends away.

She looks at him.

MRS. KASPBRAK

Yes. I sent them away. You don't need any visitors right now. And you don't need visitors like that ever. If it hadn't been for them, you'd be home watching TV right now.

EDDIE

My friends didn't break my arm. Henry Bowers broke my arm. If I'd been with my friends it never would have happened.

A beat. It's clear from his tone, and her reaction, that this is a new kind of conversation for the Kaspbraks.

MRS. KASPBRAK

What do you think? Your ma fell off a hay truck yesterday? That boy broke your arm because they crossed him somehow. Now do you think that would have happened if you'd listened to me and stayed away from them in the first place?

EDDIE

No. I think something even worse might have happened.

MRS. KASPBRAK

You don't mean that.

EDDIE

I do. Bill and the rest of my friends aren't going anywhere, Ma. And when you see them again you're not gonna say a word to 'em.

Mrs. Kaspbrak stares at her son, truly shocked.

MRS. KASPBRAK

This is how you talk to your mother now, I guess.

She sobs. She looks at Eddie full of sorrow, waiting for him react to her tears. But he doesn't.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

Eddie, you hurt me so much.

EDDIE

I love you, Ma. But I think you're making yourself cry.

How does he know this?

MRS. KASPBRAK

They're bad friends, Eddie! I know that. Just looking at them!

EDDIE

Ma--

MRS. KASPBRAK

You don't do any of the things you did last summer. And I know that girl's mother and there is something wrong in that house.

EDDIE

Ma, stop it!

MRS. KASPBRAK

It's all 'Ben this' and 'Beverly that.' They're all you ever talk about any more!

A long beat. She's said too much, and they both realize it. She stands and finds her purse.

MRS. KASPBRAK (CONT'D)

I'll come back. You're irritated because you're in pain. But you'll see I'm right. You think it over and ask yourself if your ma ever told you wrong before. You think about that, Eddie.

She leaves him. The door clicks shut behind her. Eddie looks to his bedside table where his aspirator is, his mother's "medicine." He begins to cry.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, GEORGIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT [*]

Bill is sitting on his brother's tiny bed, crying into the pillow so as not to be heard. When he stops, he wipes his eyes furiously, helplessly.

The room is full of Georgie's things. Drawings from school, his Fraggie Rock posters, all his toys in milk crates. On his dresser, someone has framed his school picture. Bill takes it down and looks at it.

Georgie is in a little shirt and tie, his cowlick slicked down. He is looking off to the side and smiling a big school-picture smile, showing off the space where his two front teeth will soon be.

BILL

I'm gonna get him, Georgie. We're gonna get him.

CLOSE ON: Georgie's eyes roll up to meet Bill's. He winks.

Bill blinks as if to clear this image. Instead, his brother's grin turns to a Kabuki leer. His mouth goes red with clown paint, his skin pales, and blue darts appear around his eyes. It is Pennywise's voice, but Georgie's painted face, who bagders:

PENNYWISE

Get me?! Get me what? Flowers?
Balloons? Would you like a balloon
Billy Boy? I'll give you the same
color I gave your brother.

Bill is terrified, but he stands his ground.

BILL
We're gonna kill you.

PENNYWISE
You can't *kill* me. I'm the Eternal
zero, the Macronaut. I'm Legion.

BILL
You shouldn't have started with my
brother!

PENNYWISE
Oh, Billy. You're so young--

It says "young" as if it's a substitute for "delicious."

Bill throws the photo. It lands across the room, its
glass cracked, but not shattered. Bill runs out.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- NIGHT [*]

Bill comes out into the hall and almost knocks into his
father, who's putting on his jacket. Mr. Denbrough gives
him a vaguely hostile look.

MR. DENBROUGH
What did your mother and I tell
you about your brother's room?

Bill looks at him, helpless as to what to say. He looks
like he's going to tell his Dad everything. Confide.

MR. DENBROUGH (CONT'D)
Leave it alone. There's nothing
for you in there.
(beat)
Now go on. Your friends are here.

Bill drops his eyes and does what he's told.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BASEMENT -- NIGHT [*]

Bill and the others crowd around the work table in Bill's
basement, including Eddie. Everyone has signed his cast.

BILL
C-careful not to leave a muh-mess.
My dad'll have a b-b-bird.

He begins laying out tools one by one in front of Ben.
Ben tightens a crucible into a vice.

BEN

You got the molds?

Richie takes them out of his pocket. Two steel balls, each with a small hole. Bearing molds.

RICHIE

Everybody owes me a quarter.

BEN

Okay. Now gimme the torch.

As Bill is handing it over, Ben reaches into his pocket and brings out his pocket watch. Without ceremony, he pries off the chain with a screwdriver and then drops it into the crucible with a *clink*. He does the same with the watch cover.

BEVERLY

Ben-- You sure you want to?

Ben smiles at her and nods. She smiles back. Ben puts on asbestos gloves and takes the blow torch from Bill.

BEN

Here we go. Easy does it, right?

He turns on hissing gas to light the torch. He has to try several times before it catches with a *flump*. The plume of blue flame is bigger than they are prepared for. It makes them all flinch.

Ben glances at Beverly, who is looking nervously at the tank. To spare her embarrassment, he says to Eddie who is at his elbow:

BEN (CONT'D)

Don't worry.

EDDIE

Huh?

BEN

Don't worry.

EDDIE

I'm not.

Eddie looks at Ben, confused. Ben blushes and applies the torch to the underside of the crucible.

When the silver is melted enough to pour out, Ben loosens the vice and takes the crucible. Beverly holds the first bearing with tongs, a tin funnel sticking out of it.

BEVERLY

I'm ready. Don't wait for me.

Ben pours. They all watch the molten silver flows out. Then Richie steps up with the second mold. Ben pours that one as well.

RICHIE

Now what?

BILL

Now we play Monopoly for an hour and let them harden.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- NIGHT [*]

The boys are setting up the Monopoly game while Beverly makes a call. The line RINGS. Beverly gestures to the boys to be quiet as her mom picks up.

MRS. MARSH

Marsh residence.

BEVERLY

Mom. It's me. I just wanted to call and check in like I promised.

MRS. MARSH

Thank you, Bevvie. The paper says there may be another one. A boy named Hockstetter. Patrick. He's missing. Did you know him?

Beverly closes her eyes.

BEVERLY

No, Ma.

MRS. MARSH

You got a ride home? Your dad's sleeping in his chair, but I can wake him.

BEVERLY

Oh no, don't. Bill Denbrough's dad is going to take us home.

MRS. MARSH

You're not on a date, are you?

BEVERLY

Of course not. Boys. Uck. Patty O'Hara's here. And Ellie Geiger--

MRS. MARSH

All right. Because if your dad
caught you on a date, at your age,
he'd be mad.

Beverly looks into the dining room and sees the boys. She
gives them a look with such love.

MRS. MARSH (CONT'D)

All right. See you at home, then.

BEVERLY

I love you, Mom.

MRS. MARSH

Same back to you.

Beverly hangs up, relieved not to have to lie anymore.

INT. BOWERS HOUSE, LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT [*]

MR. BOWERS (40) is on the sofa in his unkempt house
drinking a beer, picking ticks off their DOG, who lies on
the couch beside him. When he gets one, he tosses it on
the ground and pops it under his shoe. He occasionally
laughs at the television. *Sanford and Son*.

INT. BOWERS HOUSE, BATHROOM -- NIGHT [*]

Henry is in the bathroom, looking at himself in the
mirror. He has black rings under his eyes from his broken
nose. He can hear his father laughing in the other room.

He opens the medicine cabinet and takes out a leather
box. In it is his father's straight razor. He takes it
out and opens it, looking at it this way and that. From a
certain angle, it catches the moon outside the window.

In the other room, the DOG begins to BARK and Mr. Bowers
can be heard SLAPPING him across the snout.

MR. BOWERS

He's hungry-- I'm hungry. You
gonna fix some eats or what?

It's clear Mr. Bowers is drunk.

HENRY BOWERS

In a minute.

MR. BOWERS

I'm gonna tan your ass in a
minute.

Henry closes the medicine cabinet and says, to himself.

HENRY BOWERS

In a minute.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BASEMENT -- NIGHT [*]

Ben takes a chisel and strikes the molds' cut-lines. The two silver balls fall out and lay on the work table, shining in the light. Ben nudges one with his finger.

BEN

I wish we had a couple more.

BILL

All we need is one.

RICHIE

Hear that, Bev? You got twice as many as you need. You're loaded for bear!

Beverly doesn't laugh. She's too nervous.

BEVERLY

So when? When do we do go?

BILL

Tomorrow morning. By the Dead End sign. 10 o'clock.

Each of them looks, at once, energized and terrified.

EXT. NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY [*]

Bill and Eddie, riding double on Silver, pull up to where the others wait for them. The morning is muggy and still. Together they ride down to the end of Neibolt Street.

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET -- DAY [*]

#29 sits behind its overgrown yard in the heat of the morning, its windows like dirty blind eyes.

Bill looks at Eddie. He looks so broken and small.

BILL

Cuh-Can you d-do this, Eh-Eddie?

EDDIE

Sure I can. I was alone last time. Now I'm with my friends. Right?

RICHIE
(as Pancho Villa)
Thass right, Senhorr. Anywhunn
tries to kick your ass-pirator, we
keel heem. But we keel heem *slow*.

Beverly snorts.

BEVERLY
That's terrible, Richie.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
Does *anybody* live on this street?

BILL
Not this end of it. Not anymore.

Eddie inhales on his aspirator. He's about to put it away
when Richie says:

RICHIE
Gimme some of that.

Eddie looks at him, surprised, waiting for the punchline.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
No fake, Jake. Can I have some?

Eddie hands it over. Richie takes a wincing pull on it,
and coughs, but his face is serious and no one laughs.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Needed that.

BEN
Me too. Okay?

Richie passes it to Ben who then passes it to Beverly.
Finally Bill gives it back to Eddie.

Beverly takes the slingshot out of her bike-basket. She
looks to Bill, who produces from his pocket the two sil-
ver slugs. She slips one into a pocket of her shorts and
the other she sockets into the slingshot's rubber cup.

BILL
We'll g-go through the whole place
if we h-have to. Maybe we won't
find a-anything.

BEN
Do you believe that?

BILL
No. It's h-here.

EXT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, FRONT PORCH -- DAY [*]

Bill crawls under the porch first, then Beverly and Ben, then the rest. Bill makes his way over to the shattered cellar window and peers inside, on high alert.

BILL

Cover me, okay?

Beverly nods. Bill brushes aside some of the broken glass and slips through the window, disappearing into the dark.

Beverly hands the slingshot to Ben, folding his hand over the cup containing the silver slug.

BEVERLY

Give it to me the second I'm down.
The *second*.

She slips through the window easily. He hands down the slingshot and then begins through as well. Unfortunately, the window is a much tighter squeeze for him.

EDDIE

Hurry up!

Ben pushes with both hands, and forces his butt through, but then his stomach hitches up. This couldn't be more embarrassing.

RICHIE

Suck in, Haystack! Or we're gonna have to call Triple A.

BEN

(through his teeth)
Beep beep, Richie. --Bill, can you guys pull me?

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, CELLAR -- DAY [*]

He is yanked through the window and comes down hard onto the cellar's dirt floor.

BILL

Y-You okay, m-man?

Ben gets up and brushes the dust off his butt.

BEN

Yeah.

Richie's face appears in the window.

RICHIE

Hey-- Eddie needs help, okay?

Eddie comes through on his back, his cast held close to his chest. Bill and Ben help him while Beverly covers the stairs with the slingshot.

EDDIE

Watch what you're doing. I'm ticklish.

When they get Eddie down, Richie follows quickly. They look around the cellar, but it's empty.

BILL

Uh-upstairs.

Bill leads the way up the rotten stairs. At the top, he waits until Beverly's ready, and then fast-opens the door at the top, ducking so she has a clear shot. Nothing.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, KITCHEN -- DAY [*]

They emerge into a dirty kitchen. Everyone is ready for horror. Beverly sweeps the room with the slingshot.

One straight-backed chair sits marooned in the center of the warped linoleum. Liquor bottles are huddled in one corner. They can hear rats squeaking behind the cupboards. The light up here is weird--a combination of the brownish haze coming through all the dirty windows, and something else, some queer aspect of the house.

One of the cupboard doors is hanging precariously off of one hinge. All of a sudden, it drops to the floor, flipping over in the process. Beverly screams and swings in that direction, ready to fire.

BILL

BEV NO!!!

Beverly stops, the shot unfired. She looks at him, pale and terrified. The cupboard door has landed, backside up, tilted against the sink. On the back of it is a bull's-eye drawn in rusty water, or blood. They all look at it.

BEN

It's playing games. Like at the carnival. It wanted you to fire.

EDDIE

That slug would have gone right back into all that rotten plaster. We never would have found it.

RICHIE
(in Carnie voice)
*Come one come all! Here on Niebolt
Street everyone has a ball!*

Bill leads them further into the house.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, FRONT HALL -- DAY [*]

They come down the front hall with its peeling wallpaper and stacked up old magazines. A steady DING-DING-DING of a locomotive running on a siding can be heard.

BEN
Is it me, or is this house bigger
on the inside?

It's true. The hallway seems wider and longer than one would expect.

Eddie and Richie glance at some of the magazines stacked along the wall and see they are old 1950s porn mags. The women on the covers are all in sexually uninhibited positions--bending over chairs, lying on shag rugs, in baths. Moisture has seeped into all of the pages, giving the ladies ripply yellow skins. Suddenly, the women begin winking at them from their different covers, all down the hall. Eddie and Richie exchange a look and keep moving.

They pass the arched, wide entrance to a dark parlor. All of the windows are blocked by vines and sunflowers, but there's enough light coming from the hall to see that the room is indeed much larger than it should be.

Halfway across, before the room is lost in shadow, they can see a light-fixture hanging from the ceiling. It has a crumpled pair of men's trousers slung over it.

BILL
Anyone want to ch-check in there?

Everyone murmurs in the negative.

Richie's voice seems very far away, and when they turn to look, they see--in some kind of crazy funhouse way--the hallway is *tripling* in length and Richie is being stretched toward the other end.

BEN
Richie! We're losing you! RUN!

Richie sees the crazy physics around him and runs. But as soon as he starts, he crosses the space like an image in a convex mirror and smashes into the others.

BILL

It's not real!

All this yelling has sent a few rats scurrying out of hiding. Everyone is panicking.

RICHIE

It is! Let's GO! BILL!

BILL

Watch--!

Bill picks up a chunk of plaster off the floor and hurls it across the parlor. It smashes through the window, and all at once, the room's dimensions slip back into place. No more crazy angles, no more gigantic proportions. Now the hall's just a hall and the parlor's a small parlor.

BILL (CONT'D)

It's not real. It's just a false face. Like at a funhouse.

But Richie is close to losing it. His eyes well up.

RICHIE

To you! But if I tried that, nothing would've happened. You've got your brother, Bill. I don't have anything!

BILL

You do! We all do! It's scared of us, don't you get it? You, too. We can't do this without you.

(softening)

We just have to stay together. We made these slugs together and we came here to use 'em. And that's exactly what we're gonna do.

Richie wipes his eyes and nods. This is Big Bill talking.

BEVERLY

Come on, Richie. Is you a man or a mouse?

RICHIE

I must be a man since mice don't shit their pants.

Bill laughs, and that makes it okay again.

They continue. From the windows at the front end of the hall, they can see the front yard and Neibolt Street.

BEN

Hey. Where are our bikes--?

BEVERLY

Look!

They all realize there is something wrong with the view out the window. Their bikes are not there, it's true, but the lawn is also different. It is mowed.

They move closer they see a few men in coveralls heading to work at the train yard. A handful of cars parked along Neibolt St. None is older than the 1950s. But when they look the other way, they see cars unrecognizable to them, from 2013.

BEN

What is this?

BEVERLY

Look. Where'd the Standpipe go?

Suddenly, they hear the floor creak upstairs and they all turn, startled.

The upstairs seems to be experiencing a temporal change also. Like the cold currents in a warm lake, there are streaks of different time periods visible around them. In one, the house is deserted and decrepit. In another, it is spotless and new. In still another, just forest.

They can hear a man HUMMING and then see him, at the top of the stairs, walk into a bathroom soaping his face for a shave.

BILL

A funhouse. That's all. Come on.

Bill heads up the stairs.

INT. 29 NEIBOLT STREET, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- DAY [*]

Bill comes up the stairs. Beverly is behind him, sling-shot up. The stairs come up to one end of an upstairs hall. There are two doors here and one at the other end.

One door here is open to a tiny bedroom which must have been a child's. Elves caper on the peeling wallpaper. At the other end, the door is missing altogether, showing a room empty but for a bare mattress lying on the floor.

That leaves the one closed door. Its dirty white porcelain doorknob beckons.

BILL

Th-there. Where that man w-went.

BEVERLY

How do you know?

BEN

Can't you smell It?

Richie and Eddie come up, wide-eyed, behind them. Bill crosses toward the door, Beverly covering him. As she does, she glances into the child's bedroom there and sees the elves on the wallpaper. Each one has nails driven through its eyes. Hundred of nails.

BEVERLY

Bill--

But Bill already has his hand on the door. He pulls it open, hinges SQUEALING, revealing:

A bathroom. Empty. The window has been covered over with newspaper, making it dimmer than the hallway, but they can see the whole place has been wrecked. Shards of porcelain lie like rubble. In one corner is an exploded toilet. The tank is leaning against a wall. The bowl is gone leaving only a black drainhole visible. The rosy wallpaper all around the room has been pocked with chips of porcelain like shrapnel.

They come in, feet gritting on broken porcelain and look at the obliterated toilet.

RICHIE

That must have been the grand-daddy of all dumps.

That gets everybody chuckling again. In the middle of their laughter, Ben is the first to hear it, a low SCRAP-ING noise. It seems to be coming from inside the house, maybe inside the room. Now Bill notices. He looks at the drainhole and sees it is vibrating:

BILL

Everybody-- It's coming--!

And then something explodes out of the drainpipe.

At first, it is a silvery-orange shifting shape--not ghostly, but solid. Then it locks into place and hovers over them--crowding the room--Pennywise the clown in all his brightly-colored, arcane glory.

BILL (CONT'D)

Shoot it, Bev! Shoot it!

It has one foot still in the drain hole and pivots around glaring at all of them until it finds Beverly. She takes aim and lets fly the first silver bearing--

And misses. It punches a hole in the plaster just behind Its grinning head. It makes a face of mock chagrin.

PENNYWISE

That's not very friendly-wendly!

Then It pistons out a hand and knocks her into the wall.

She falls to the floor amid all the smashed porcelain, already trying to dig the second bearing out of her pocket. Ben immediately steps between her and It.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

You want it, fat boy?

It rakes him with its claws, sending him staggering backwards, already bleeding. He stumbles and falls into the dusty bathtub. Bill jumps between them, a big shard of porcelain in his hand.

BILL

No!

He buys Beverly an extra moment by winging it at Pennywise's face. Pennywise simply catches it in his mouth like a dog would catch a treat.

PENNYWISE

Yummy!

Richie jumps behind it and rips down what's left of a tattered vinyl shower curtain. He yanks it over Its face and pulls, blinding it. It rears back, throwing a fist at Richie, who barely ducks out of the way.

RICHIE

SHOOT IT, BEV!

It flips Richie over Its shoulder and onto his back with force, knocking the wind out of him.

PENNYWISE

Beep beep, Richie.

Then It swings Its grinning face back up to Beverly, just as she puts the second bearing into the rubber cup of the slingshot.

BEVERLY'S POV: In the wishbone site of the slingshot, she sees Its grinning, yellow smile and fires.

The bearing hits Pennywise in the cheek, right beside Its nose, opening a gouting bloody hole. It screams in a mix of pain, surprise, and rage. Freshets of blood drain down Its silken placket, drenching its orange pom-poms.

BILL

Again! Beverly, shoot it again!

Beverly looks to Bill. Pennywise wavers, about to strike.

BILL (CONT'D)

Hit it with another. Go on, fast!

Then Beverly understands the ruse. She pulls back the sling-shot again. It's empty, but not visibly so.

EDDIE

Kill it! Don't let it get away!

BILL

Blow it out of the world, Bev!

Pennywise flicks Its eyes at Beverly, then around at all of them. They look so confident, so strong. It tilts and drops back toward the drain, quickly losing its shape, and then is gone. The can hear It railroading back down under the house, under the town.

The house settles back into one place in time, snapping back to the here and now. It's now just a forgotten house where hobos and winos sometimes sleep out of the rain.

They all look at one another, wide-eyed. DISTANT SOUNDS come from the drain, RECEDING ECHOES.

BILL (CONT'D)

Help me with Ben-- We gotta get out of here.

The front of Ben's sweatshirt is clawed up and soaking with blood. Bill and Richie take Ben's outstretched hands and help him up.

EXT. THE BARRENS, TREE FORT -- DAY [*]

They are all up on the tree fort platform. Ben has his shirt off and Beverly and Eddie are finishing up cleaning his cuts with alcohol and cotton balls they've brought from somewhere along the way. Ben's wounds are ugly, but not very deep. Bill is brooding hard, looking at nothing.

BEN

Ouch! Come on!

RICHIE

You just faced off a voodoo clown
from the sewer. Who knows what it
has under its --fingernails.

EDDIE

It'd be pretty dumb to die of an
infection now, huh?

Beverly glances out at the tree canopy around them.

BEVERLY

It's so nice here. So high.

EDDIE

High Five, that's us.

BEN

What happens next?

BEVERLY

It'll want us more than ever now.

BEN

But we scared it. I mean we went
to one of It's places, It's sta-
tions above ground. It didn't drag
us there. We went, together. Kids
don't normally do that.

(beat)

You wanna go back to Neibolt St.,
Bill?

BILL

It won't be there. It can't sur-
prise us there anymore. We have to
find It where it lives.

Richie and Eddie exchange a look. This doesn't sound so
good.

BILL (CONT'D)

I think it has something to do
with the sewers, under the city.
We've all seen it close to some
kind of drain, right? And I've
been rereading all the stuff from
the papers about the kids It kil-
led. All of 'em were found near
drains and sewers.

EDDIE

Ben saw it from Up-Mile Hill--

BEN

But it was near one of those pipes, the ones with the caps on 'em. They're access hatches for sewer pumps. They should connect with the whole system.

BILL

That's it, then. That's where we should go next.

BEVERLY

My dad says those sewer tunnels go on for miles. New ones mixed up with old ones. He knew a guy who's dad tried to map it for the city and never came out.

EDDIE

And where are we gonna get more silver? I mean how much allowance can five of us pull together?

BILL

(losing composure)

It doesn't matter where. We just just will. We can't let it win. It's down there regrouping right now and it's scared of us. I can feel it!

(beat)

Just help me! Help me do this!

Bill begins to cry. Richie puts a hand on his shoulder.

RICHIE

It's okay, Bill. Don't worry. We're not gonna chicken out. Are we?

Everyone joins in with their support.

EDDIE

My mom keeps my baby stuff in a box. There's a silver spoon we could use.

BEVERLY

I think my parents' wedding rings are silver. They're in a drawer in my mom's dresser.

BEN

Try to find out when your folks'll be gone again.

BEVERLY

I wish we could all stay together
until then. I don't really want to
go home.

Bill looks at them, grateful to have such brave friends.
In the very far distance, SUMMER THUNDER RUMBLES.

EXT. KING STREET -- DAY [*]

They all walk home. The air has turned from hot and hazy
to that still, yellow light that precedes a storm. Bill
has given Ben his t-shirt.

BEVERLY

Where is everybody?

It's true. No one's around. Toys have been abandoned in
yards. A lot of blinds in house windows are drawn.

BILL

Bar Harbor, I guess. Be ready to
come over as soon as I call. We
have to do this fast, while It's
still distracted.

They get to an intersection. Beverly waves and goes one
way, Eddie and Ben go another, and Richie and Bill go a
third.

A block behind them, Henry Bowers comes into view. He's
following them, Victor and Belch at his side. He watches
them head in their respective directions. Then he starts
to move again.

CUT TO:

EXT. DERRY -- DAY

Derry is going about its business. The electronic clock
on one of downtown's banks clicks from 3:39 to 4:00.
Graffiti decorates an alleyway. A fast food billboard
advertises a new "play meal" for kids.

INT. DERRY INN, FRONT DESK -- DAY

The front desk ATTENDANT is going through paperwork, a
wall of room keys and message boxes behind him. A man
walks into the lobby, wearing sunglasses. With them on,
he resembles Beverly's father, Mr. Marsh.

ATTENDANT

Can I help you, Sir?

He takes them off. It is TOM ROGAN (43). He has a butterfly bandage over one eyebrow.

TOM ROGAN

I hope so. I just drove in from out of town and I'm trying to find my wife.

ATTENDANT

Oh?

Tom smiles, feigning embarrassment in just the right way.

TOM ROGAN

See, I'm trying to surprise her. It's our anniversary. I just don't know which hotel in Derry she's at. Beverly Rogan. Marsh.

ATTENDANT

Well I can't really give out--

TOM ROGAN

I know. I know. Let's do it this way. If she's here, just rent me a room next to hers and charge me double. I'll pay in cash. Then you don't have to say anything. To anyone.

The attendant looks unsure what to do. Tom smiles again.

TOM ROGAN (CONT'D)

It would mean the world to her.

EXT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT HOUSE -- DAY

Beverly walks up to where she can see the apartment building where she grew up. It's painted a dark brown now, but there are the windows of her old kitchen and bedroom. She hugs her arms to her chest and crosses the street toward the entrance.

EXT. BEVERLY'S APARTMENT HOUSE -- DAY

Beverly comes up and checks the four mailboxes: BURKE, STARKWEATHER, FRATO and MARSH. He's still here.

The entrance door stands closed. She goes over to the doorbell, squares her shoulders, and presses it.

From somewhere down the hall comes a happy *CHING-CHONG*. All is quiet. She looks around, presses it again. *CHING-CHONG*.

Beverly glances down and sees what looks like a child's fingernail lying there beside the welcome mat at her feet. It could be one of those glue-on nails, but before she can tell, the door opens, startling her.

She looks up, expecting her father. But looking at her through the screen is a tall woman, MRS. KERSH (70s), with white hair and a kind, wrinkled face. Her eyes are a pale, Scandinavian blue. She has a thick accent.

BEVERLY

I'm sorry. I meant to ring for Marsh.

MRS. KERSH

Marsh? There're no Marshes in the building. I'm Mrs. Kersh.

(beat)

Unless-- You don't mean Alvin Marsh, do you?

BEVERLY

Yes. My father.

Mrs. Marsh peers more closely at Beverly.

MRS. KERSH

Why you've fallen out of touch, Miss. You shouldn't hear this from a stranger, but your father's been dead about five years now.

Shocked, Beverly looks back to the mailbox and realizes that the tag she read as "MARSH" actually reads "KERSH."

BEVERLY

You-- Did you know my dad?

MRS. KERSH

A little, I knew him. When I moved into this apartment, he was moving down to the Veterans' Home.

(beat)

I used to see him at Costello Market or the Washateria sometimes. Oh you're pale. I'm sorry. Come in and let me make you some tea.

BEVERLY

I couldn't.

MRS. KERSH

It's the least I can do for having told you such unpleasant news.

Before she can protest, Mrs. Kersh opens the screen door.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- DAY

They come inside. Beverly looks around the living room. Every-thing is different. She visibly relaxes.

BEVERLY

It's so trim and tidy! Lovely.

MRS. KERSH

How kind you are. My little late-life harbor this is.

Beverly takes in the simple, lovely touches Mrs. Kersh has made around the living room. A picture of Jesus hangs on one wall, one of John F. Kennedy on another.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)

Look around, why don't you, while I boil the water. It's all right.

Mrs. Kersh goes into the kitchen, leaving Beverly alone.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, HALLWAY -- DAY

Beverly comes down the hall and looks into her parents' old room. The change is profound. The bed is laid with a European surprise quilt. An old trunk with initials R.G. sits at the footboard.

Beverly then looks into her old room, which is now a sewing room. She avoids the bathroom altogether.

She comes back to the living room and a memory comes:

Beverly (11) comes in the front door. She's dirty still from Neibolt Street, her legs a little scratched up. She swings the door closed and doesn't see: Her father is standing behind it. He watches her come in, stand in the middle of the room, and call out:

BEVERLY

Mom?

Then he steps up behind her, plants his foot into the small of her back, and shoves her, hard. She goes flying across the living room.

Beverly (38) is yanked out of this memory by Mrs. Kersh calling from the kitchen.

MRS. KERSH
Tea's almost ready, miss.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- DAY

Beverly comes in to find Mrs. Kersh busy at the stove with the kettle. Delicate cups and saucers are laid out, as well as a plate of cookies.

BEVERLY
You shouldn't have.

MRS. KERSH
If you knew how seldom company calls, you'd not say so.

Beverly sits down at the little table. Mrs. Kersh sits down beside her.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)
Please tell me you're having fond memories. I'd hate to think you're more sad for having come inside.

BEVERLY
To be honest, when my mother passed away, I told myself I'd never come back here.

Mrs. Kersh gives her a sympathetic look.

MRS. KERSH
I like it here so much I told myself I'll never leave. So there's a little balance there, perhaps.

The tea kettle begins WHISTLING. Mrs. Kersh smiles and gets up. When she comes back and pours the tea her eyes seem to have gone a shade more yellow, as have her teeth.

As it fills Beverly's cup, the tea looks brown, muddy.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)
Sugar?

Beverly shakes her head.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)
Of course not. Pretty girls like you are sweet enough!

Mrs. Kersh smiles at her, grins really, showing teeth.
She puts the kettle back and then sits.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)
He was wicked, your fadder?

BEVERLY
What did you say?

MRS. KERSH
Your fadder. He was widowed?

BEVERLY
Yes. Before I left for college.

MRS. KERSH
College! Impressive. Thought you
could get out, did you?

Beverly is beginning to understand.

"Mrs. Kersh" drinks her tea all in one slurp.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)
I didn't have a mother, you see.
Just my fadder.

Beverly scoots her chair back, ready to run.

MRS. KERSH (CONT'D)
He loved his jokes, my fadder! He
used to say he bore me rather than
a mutter-- He said he shat me out
his asshole! Hee!
(beat)
Drink up, dear. It's getting cold.

Beverly glances down and sees her cup is full of shit.

PENNYWISE
We're one, my fadder and me. He's
inside me where a fadder OUGHT to
be!

Mrs. Kersh throws her head back and laughs, knocking her
wig a little crooked. Painted white skin shows beneath.
Beverly jumps back to run, and stumbles.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM -- DAY [*]

Beverly (11) gets up from where she's been kicked to the
floor, looking around wildly. Then she sees her father.

BEVERLY

Daddy, what--?

He starts toward her, biting on his knuckle thoughtfully. She sees he has mud all over his boots, and he's tracking it on the carpet. Black mud. *Barrens* mud.

MR. MARSH

If you lie to me, I will beat you within an inch of your life, Bev.

BEVERLY

I won't.

MR. MARSH

You been down in the Barrens with a gang of boys.

A beat. She's cornered and she knows it.

BEVERLY

I play down there somet--

He slaps her, hard and fast. She ends up knocked back against the sofa, looking up at him.

MR. MARSH

I know you been down there. I was told. I didn't believe it. My Bevie with a gang of boys? Then I seen you myself this afternoon. Coming out of the woods with 'em. *Not even twelve!*

He kicks her. Beverly fast-crawls into the kitchen.

INT. MARSH APARTMENT, KITCHEN -- DAY [*]

Beverly crawls into the kitchen. Mr. Marsh is right behind her. He kicks at her and hits the drawer under the oven instead. PANS JUMP loudly inside.

MR. MARSH

Don't you run from me.

BEVERLY

Daddy, we just play. That's all. We-- we don't do anything *bad*.

Suddenly, he chants, in a high schoolboy voice:

MR. MARSH

A girl who'll hang with boys will smoke.

(MORE)

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

*A girl who'll smoke with boys will
drink. And a girl who'll drink
with boys--everybody knows what a
girl like that'll do!*

This voice is enough like the mocking weirdness of Pennywise that it gets Beverly moving again. She tries for the kitchen door, but her father grabs her arm.

BEVERLY

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!

He lets go of her arm to slap her again, but she is faster this time. She ducks the slap and gets on the other side of the kitchen table.

MR. MARSH

Plenty of people happy to ruin a pretty girl, Bevvie. Plenty of girls happy to be ruined.

BEVERLY

I didn't do what you're saying. I never did!

MR. MARSH

Maybe not. But I'm going to check. And make sure.

BEVERLY

What?

MR. MARSH

Take off your shorts, Bevvie.

She looks at him, horrified. His eyes have gone a little vacant.

BEVERLY

No.

MR. MARSH

What did you say?

BEVERLY

I said no.

(beat)

Who told you?

MR. MARSH

Beverly Ann.

BEVERLY

Dad-- Who told you we play down there? Was it a stranger? A clown? Did he look like a clown?

MR. MARSH

You leave him out of this.

Beverly looks at her father. It's true. It's gotten to him. Mr. Marsh begins to take off his belt.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

Come here.

Beverly cries.

BEVERLY

No. You're going to hurt me.

So he rushes her. She's able to run out into the hall and through the entrance in time, but she tumbles onto the front walk, knees first.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MARSH APARTMENT -- DAY

Beverly (38) comes flying out the door of the building and into the street. A car nearly hits her, but she's already running down the opposite sidewalk by the time the car HONKS. A woman pushing a grocery cart stops.

Beverly turns back and sees Pennywise in the apartment doorway waving goodbye. He recedes back into the dark and shuts the door. The building is falling apart, a FOR SALE sign out front. She bursts into tears, and runs on.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARSH APARTMENT -- DAY [*]

Beverly gets to her feet, knees bloody, and keeps running. Behind her, her father bashes his way through the screen door in pursuit.

MR. MARSH

GET BACK HERE NOW, BEV! DON'T MAKE IT WORSE THAN IT ALREADY IS!

EXT. GARRITY STREET -- DAY [*]

Beverly runs to the outer edge of downtown. There are a few more people here and they turn to see what's going on. Beverly's covered in dirt, her knees are bloody, but no one intercedes. As soon as it's clear it's some kind of domestic issues, they tune it out.

MR. MARSH

BEVVIE!

Mr. Marsh is gaining on her. Thunder BOOMS a little nearer to town.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROW -- DAY [*]

Beverly darts down a narrow alley beside some of the meatpacking outfits. The alley is made narrower still by all of the dumpsters lining the sides. From inside some of the propped-open back doors, she can hear SAWS WHINING through meat and bone. Clouds of flies hover around some of the bins.

The alley jogs to the left and when Beverly clears the turn, she sees:

A city dump truck is backed into the mouth of the alley, not even nine inches of clearance on either side of it. It sits there, parked and idling. She can see the driver in his side mirror eating his lunch.

Her father's footfalls are approaching fast, so Beverly gets down on the ground and crawls under the truck on her elbows and knees. For a brief moment, her back touches the hot exhaust pipe and she bites back a scream. Then she hears her father run up and stop behind the truck.

MR. MARSH (O.S.)

Come up outta there, Beverly.

She can see him peering at her under the back bumper.

MR. MARSH (CONT'D)

"Honor thy father, and your days
shall be long upon the Earth."
That's the Bible, Bevvie.

BEVERLY

You shouldn't hit your wife and
daughter. That's the law!

MR. MARSH

You little bitch.

He drops to the ground and starts crawling after her. She keeps moving. She hears her father yell when he hits the exhaust pipe and sees him squirreling his way back out.

EXT. GROVER STREET -- DAY [*]

Beverly climbs up from under the front of the truck and runs. She can hear her father YELLING for her, but she runs, putting distance between them.

EXT. THE BARRENS, TREE FORT -- DAY [*]

The trees have gone electric green and are rustling with the approaching storm. Beverly climbs up the oak tree and up to the tree fort. When she gets to the top, she is surprised to find Ben and Eddie already there, wide-eyed.

BEN

Bev-- what the *hell*?

EDDIE

How'd you get past them?

BEVERLY

Who?

BEN

Henry. He's lost it, Bev. Totally.
He was after us with a razor.

BEVERLY

It got to my Dad, too. The clown.
Talked to him somehow, made him
angry. What if It got to Bowers
and them, too? Or Bill's dad, or
Richie's?

Ben and Eddie look at her, realizing the implications.

BEN

We have to warn them.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, CULVERT -- DAY

Ben, Eddie, and Beverly come through the woods to the edge of the Barrens and climb up to Kansas Street. They have big sticks, ready to fight. They can hear some kind of SIREN in the direction of town.

Two hundred yards down, they can see Bill and Richie coming their way on Silver. When they ride up, everyone starts talking at once. Bill holds up his hand.

BILL

Listen-- We came here to warn you.
Henry killed his dad. Cut him up.

BEVERLY

Oh my God.

BILL

The cops are all over looking for him. But if Henry's here, he's probably already heard my bike.

THUNDER BOOMS almost directly overhead, making them jump.

BEN

What do we do?!

Bill looks around at all of them before saying, simply:

BILL

We go under.

EDDIE

We don't have ammo, we don't have flashlights, maps--!

Richie holds up a flashlight.

BILL

Ammo doesn't matter. Those slugs worked because we believed they would. Anything'll do as long as we believe.

BEN

Are you sure?

But there's no time to answer. Fifty yards down the road, Henry, Victor, and Belch climb up out of the Barrens and see them.

BILL

Ben, take us there.

And so they go. They run, back into the Barrens, Ben in the lead. Henry and the older boys head back into the Barrens as well.

CUT TO:

INT. DERRY HOUSE INN, TOM'S ROOM -- DUSK

Tom is on the bed, in just his jeans and undershirt. He is watching the TV with the sound off drinking the little bottles from the mini-bar. And listening.

There is a KNOCK on the door.

TOM ROGAN
Who the fuck is it?

There is no reply. He goes to the door and pulls it open. There's no one there. But on the floor there's a leather box. Tom picks it up and brings it inside. He sits on the bed and opens it. It's the straight razor.

TOM ROGAN (CONT'D)
'Fuck is this?

He leans over to grab the phone when he happens to glance at the TV again. There is a clown on it. The clown is smiling to the camera, motioning the viewer closer to the screen. For a split second, Tom's and Beverly's wedding photo flashes on the screen.

Tom's eyes widen. *Did he see that right?* It flashes again. Then the clown reappears, looking more serious. Tom puts down the phone and turns up the sound.

PENNYWISE
Hiya, Meat. Is your refrigerator running? How 'bout your wife?

Tom screws up his face. He's a little drunk, but not enough for all of this to be happening.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)
Whatsa matter Chief, it's your old friend, Pennywise.

TOM ROGAN
Are you talking to me?

PENNYWISE
They're back. The whole club! Back in Derry. Beverly, too!

TOM ROGAN
How do you know Beverly?

PENNYWISE
I know all the kids in Derry. And I know no little kids are gonna get away with ranking you out anymore.

TOM ROGAN
Kids--

PENNYWISE
You couldn't take it out of any of 'em. You couldn't even take it out of that fat boy.

Tom looks confused.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

I know where Beverly is, Henry.

TOM ROGAN

My name's Tom.

PENNYWISE

That's a good one. That's very good.

TOM ROGAN

Where is she?

The wedding photo flashes. This time, Beverly's standing with Bill. Then Ben. Then her face is scratched out.

PENNYWISE

I'll tell you. I'll tell you where all of 'em are. But you're gotta do something for ol' Pennywise.

TOM ROGAN

Are they close?

PENNYWISE

Oh, they're close. So close.

Tom is no longer blinking. He just stares into the TV. A final flash of the photo shows Beverly so slashed up, she is only identifiable by her bloody wedding veil.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

Time to turn on all the bright lights, Bow Wow! The deadlights!

(beat)

It's time for the circus, Henry!

EXT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY -- DUSK

The front entrance of the library is all locked up. The blinds are pulled for the night.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, ADULT STACKS -- DUSK

Everyone is sitting at one of the big reading tables, looking frayed. Someone has brought a bottle of scotch and it's already half gone.

RICHIE

What about the rest? I don't remember after that. We went after It?

BILL
In the sewers. Yeah.

EDDIE
Was it bad, Bill? --Wait, forget I asked. Maybe I don't want to know.

BEN
(realizing)
We went down together, but you faced It alone, didn't you?

Bill nods.

BEN (CONT'D)
I have this image of-- Some kind of --door?

Ben tries, but he can't call it up. He gets angry.

RICHIE
Memory Lane ain't such a great address anymore.

EDDIE
Memory Lane? More like the Long Island Expressway.

BEVERLY
Does it even matter? Unless there's something we can use. Against It, I mean.

Bill isn't sure how to answer.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
There's something you don't want us to know, isn't there?

Bill looks at them. Finally, he nods. The others look scared by this--not mistrustful, just very scared.

BILL
I'll say this: I researched the hell out of this place--I've spoken to a lot of the old-timers who knew our families or the families of the kids who got killed, I've gone back into the archives, that sort of thing--and every time I've stumbled upon what I think is the worst of Derry's secrets, there's another one, and another one.

He takes out a large binder and they gather around it.

He opens to a series of photos:

The first is from the 1950s. In it, some kind of autocade makes its way down Main Street surrounded by members of a marching band and majorettes. In the crowd on one side of the street, visible behind a row of kids, is a clown.

BEVERLY

Oh my God. That's him.

BILL

This was taken in 1957. Four kids were killed that year. That was also the year Mason Bolinger set fire to the Baptist school. He said in court a man on the radio told him to do it.

BEN

Kids died in that?

Bill nods.

The second photo he shows them is from the 1920s. Several bodies lie in the street. On all the sidewalks, hundreds of locals crowd to see.

BILL

1929. The Bradley Gang, gunned down by the police. Look here--

CLOSE ON: On the second story of a beer hall, Pennywise can be seen in a window behind some people leaning out. He is hoisting a beer.

BILL (CONT'D)

Eight kids missing or killed that year. The last one was on the day the Bradley Gang was shot down. Got buried in all the headlines.

The third photo shows blackened timbers sticking up at angles around the charred husk of an exploded factory.

EDDIE

Kitchener Ironworks.

BILL

Yeah. 1902. Easter Sunday. Over a hundred people were killed in the explosion. Eighty were children, there for an Easter egg hunt.

BEN

It's a cycle--

BILL

Every 26 or 27 years there's a
spate of child killings, always
ending in some kind of grisly
climax. Then nothing. Until the
next rotation.

BEN

How far back?

BILL

1876 same thing. 1850. 1823. You
can track it all the way back to
the first European settlers: the
original Derrie Colony. 200 people
on the charter. Just vanished.
Before that, no records.

(beat)

Whatever It is, it's been feeding
in this place for a long time.
Feeding on this place.

BEVERLY

There was no "climax" in '85.

EDDIE

Because we stopped it. Hurt it.
Sent it back into hibernation--or
whatever you call it--early.

RICHIE

Now it wakes up from its nap and
we're the top of its "to do" list.

BEN

But why? Why not just let us for-
get It and die of old age?

RICHIE

Clown likes a challenge.

BEVERLY

It could have killed each one of us
this afternoon. It didn't. Why?

BILL

Look at this one again. Look hard.
I want to see if you notice--

He shows them the photo of the Bradley Gang again, a jew-
eler's loop over Pennywise's face. Beverly gasps.

BEVERLY

There. Beside It's nose.

(beat)

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

It has a scar. From where I hit it
at Neibolt Street.

BILL

It's in all the photos.

BEN

How is that possible?

BILL

I don't think time works for It
like it does for us. Remember #29?
We saw the past there, and the
future, too, I think.

(beat)

The closer you get to It, the less
time --matters.

EDDIE

I don't get it.

BILL

Maybe It can't let go of us
because we're still fighting It.

(beat)

Maybe we've always been fighting
It.

They all try to wrap their heads around this thought.

BEVERLY

I need a cigarette. Is there some-
place I can do that?

EXT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, LOADING DOCK -- NIGHT

Ben and Beverly stand on the back loading dock of the
library. It looks out across a small lit parking lot next
to the children's wing, and then dark woods beyond.

BEVERLY

Going over all of this makes me
realize how few real friends I've
made since that summer.

He gestures to her ring.

BEN

What about your husband?

BEVERLY

Tom.

(a long beat)

Did I ever tell you what my father
used to say to me when he hit me?

Ben shakes his head.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

"I worry about you, Bevvie."
That's what he used to say. "I
worry a lot."

She half-laughs and shivers at the same time.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Tom worries the same way. I mean
exactly the same way.

(beat)

Being married to him is like going
back into an old nightmare. Why
would a person do that? *Choose* to
go back into some horrible past?

BEN

People go back to find themselves,
I guess.

BEVERLY

My father was-- In many ways a
strange man. I loved him, but--

(beat)

I hated him, too.

(beat)

I've never told that to anyone. I
don't even know if I've said that
out loud before.

BEN

Then say it again.

BEVERLY

He was my Dad, Ben. He worked hard
for us--

BEN

Say it again. --Go on. It'll hurt,
but it's festered in there long
enough. Say it.

BEVERLY

I hated my dad.

BEN

Say it all.

BEVERLY

I was scared of him. He didn't
know how to raise a child. A daugh-
ter. He didn't have the right--
boundaries.

(MORE)

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I was always scared what he was thinking, what he was going to do.

(beat)

I was always so fucking scared.

She begins to weep. She reaches out and Ben holds her.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

I always thought I'd be someone different. I was supposed to grow up and do great things. We all were. Bill most of all. And look at him. He's stuck in amber here.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, LOBBY -- NIGHT

Richie and Eddie sit talking under the glass dome.

EDDIE

All my life, she'd driven into me this fear of pain. When it finally happened--when Bowers broke my arm --it wasn't Armageddon, you know? It didn't end me. In a way I owe Henry Bowers a thank you.

RICHIE

That's the last thing I thought I'd hear any of us say.

Eddie's phone BEEPS with a message. The sudden RINGTONE startles them. Eddie takes his phone out and checks it.

EDDIE

It's from my wife. Excuse me--

Eddie walks off and opens his phone.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Eddie comes into the restroom. He pins the phone to his shoulder and steps into one of the stalls to urinate.

MYRA'S VOICE

I've been trying to reach you all day. Why haven't you called!? I'm going out of my head waiting--

EXT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, BILL'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Bill is in his office looking down on Ben and Beverly. They are still embracing. He looks on with longing. But something in the parking lot snags his attention.

Something is twinkling out there on the pavement. Broken glass. A window has been broken out of the side door of the children's wing.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, LOBBY -- NIGHT

Richie is getting a drink at the drinking fountain when he hears it, a RUSTLING further back in the library. He takes a few steps in that direction, walking away from the rest rooms.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Eddie is urinating and listening to what Myra is saying.

MYRA'S VOICE

You want me to have a heart attack, Eddie? You know how my heart is? You want a divorce? Is that what you want?

(beat)

You want a balloon?

At first, Eddie isn't sure he's heard her correctly. But she continues, her voice deepening.

MYRA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I've got all the colors, Eddie.
Blue, green, red, scream. Scream,
Eddie! Scream! Just try!

Eddie doesn't notice Tom Rogan step behind him. Tom has the straight razor. He lifts it and slices, hard, at Eddie's back. Eddie arches in pain and surprise. He drops the phone. It skitters across the tiles. Pennywise can be heard on the other end.

PENNYWISE

Howyadoon, Eddie Spaghetti? I think you do want a balloon?

Eddie turns to defend himself. It's so much worse because he doesn't recognize Tom. Tom is already on his second slash and Eddie barely has time to put up a hand. The razor sticks in the meat below his pinky finger.

EDDIE

HELP ME!

TOM

Thought you were smart, Kaspbrak.
Fucking sissies is all you were!

Eddie tries to grab at the razor, but Tom pulls it back fast and swings again. This time it hits Eddie in forearm, cutting through his sleeve and chipping bone. Eddie SCREAMS again.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, GLASS CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Richie is standing at one end of the glass corridor. The children's wing at the other end is pitch black, but balloons are pouring out of it. The ceiling in the passageway is stucco, so the balloons get only so far and POP, but there are more right behind them. It's LOUD.

Beverly and Ben rush up behind Richie and see the spectacle. Bill appears as well.

BEVERLY

What is this?!

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, MEN'S RESTROOM -- NIGHT

Eddie is bleeding from his hand and arm. Tom has him blocked into the stall, but Eddie rushes him and they slip on the now-bloody floor. Eddie falls too, but it's Tom who cracks his head on the tiles.

Tom is dazed enough for Eddie to crawl away a few feet toward the door. But Tom rolls over and takes a whack at Eddie's leg. He plants the razor into the rubber sole on Eddie's heel. Eddie is able to kick it away from Tom. Tom goes after it and Eddie is able to get out the door, yelling for help.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, GLASS CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

But Bill and the others can't hear Eddie for all the noise in the passageway. There are so many balloons POPPING it is raining burst rubber.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, REST ROOM CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Eddie gets to his feet. He makes it to the fire alarm mounted on the wall as Tom comes out after him. Tom sees what Eddie is about to do and hesitates. Then he runs for the fire exit. Eddie jams the alarm bar down.

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, GLASS CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

The FIRE ALARM starts BLARING. All the balloons get sucked back into the children's wing as if out of an airlock.

No longer distracted, Bill realizes:

BILL
Where's Eddie?

INT. DERRY PUBLIC LIBRARY, REST ROOM CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Bill and the others come into the lobby and see Eddie sliding down the wall to sit on the floor. There's blood all over him. There rush to his side.

EDDIE
We have to go. We can't wait--

BILL
The fire trucks will be here any minute-- We'll get you to the hospital.

EDDIE
Call off the alarm. Don't you get it? It's recruiting again. Forcing our hand.

BEVERLY
Who did this to you?

Eddie shakes his head; he doesn't know.

EDDIE
Cancel the call, Bill. It's just us now. Us. Tonight. It has to be. There's no one else we can trust.

Bill hesitates and then runs for the phone.

BEVERLY
(to Richie)
Go with him.

He does.

INT. BILL'S CAR -- NIGHT

Bill is driving. Richie is in the passenger seat. Eddie is in the back being tended to by Ben and Beverly. An under-the-sink med kit is their only resource and they're doing the best they can with it.

BEN
Eddie, the idea of you going down in the sewer like this--

EDDIE

High Five. We all need to be there.

BEVERLY

You've lost a lot of blood--

EDDIE

I'm going. I'd rather take my chances with you guys.

And that's that.

EXT. KANSAS STREET, CULVERT -- NIGHT/DAY

Bill parks and they all get out. There's a wind in the woods tonight. Ben helps Eddie out of the back seat and they gather at the top of the embankment.

BILL

Ben, take us there.

Ben starts down the hill. As they go, the sun comes up in a flash and they are kids again. Time is beginning to fold on itself, like a Mobius Strip.

EXT. THE BARRENS, OAK TREE -- DAY [*]

Ben (11) is sprinting, hurrying through the trees as fast as he can, everyone bottling up behind him. Overhead, tree-tops are starting to sway so much they are CREAKING.

They run beneath their tree fort just as lightning wands the sky and THUNDER DETONATES above them and the first drops of rain begin to fall. They can hear Henry calling to Victor and Belch nearby. They go on.

EXT. THE BARRENS, PUMP HATCH -- DAY [*]

They come to the clearing where the pump hatch is.

BILL

Beverly, cover us.

Beverly picks up a few rocks from the ground and loads one into the slingshot. Ben and the others crowd around one side of the hatch and begin pushing the cover. It SCRAPES loudly, but they don't stop. Finally, it tips over the edge with a CLANG and they find themselves looking down a fifteen-foot ladder.

BEVERLY

Go!

Bill goes first to help Eddie, who goes next. They descend as fast as they can. Richie follows. Ben hesitates, unwilling to leave Beverly.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

Go, Haystack!

He does.

INT. THE TUNNELS, LADDER/PUMP BUNKER -- DAY [*]

Bill helps Eddie to the bottom. All around them, water DRIPS. They look up and see Richie and Ben descending. Above them, Beverly is looking down, waiting for enough room to start down. All of a sudden, Henry appears behind her and puts the razor to her throat.

BEN

BEVERLY!

Beverly snaps her head back, hard, giving Henry the head-butt of his life. Beverly is able to scramble onto the ladder just as Henry slaps at her with the razor. She's able to duck in time.

BEVERLY

GO BEN! GO!

When Ben gets to the bottom, into the light of Richie's flashlight, he is an adult. Bill (38) brings up the rear behind him, helping Eddie down.

They gather in the glow of the flashlight, surrounded by dank masonry. Eddie makes sure they're all there and then starts leading the way.

INT. TUNNELS, CONCRETE LEVEL -- NIGHT

They make their way down a series of concrete tunnels of varying widths. The run-off is up to their knees.

INT. TUNNELS, "STOP LIGHT" INTERSECTION -- DAY [*]

The tunnel dead-ends at a wall where three tunnels are stacked up like a stop light. Bill (11) hurries in and the others file behind him. The highest tunnel is also the largest, and it's running clear. The middle tunnel is a little smaller and is pouring out brackish water. The lowest tunnel is the smallest and runs with raw sewage.

BILL

Eddie-- Which one?

EDDIE

Don't ask me. Beverly's got a better brain for this.

BEVERLY

Where are we going?

BILL

Downtown. Under the canal.

Ben and Richie both nod; that sounds about right. Beverly looks and then points to the bottom pipe.

BILL (CONT'D)

You sure?

She nods. Behind them, they can hear HENRY'S VOICE ECHOING through the pipes. Bill steels himself, crouches down to the opening, and crawls in.

INT. TUNNELS, SHIT PIPE/BRICK LEVEL -- NIGHT

Eddie (38) is leading the way, holding his bandaged arm in front of him. He's trying to give everyone as much light as possible, but it's a small pipe.

BEVERLY

Eddie, don't forget there's a drop-off up ahead.

But Eddie's already there. He falls forward into dark, empty space, flashlight rolling away from him. He comes to a halt on his injured arm and yells.

BILL (O.S.)

You okay?!

EDDIE

Last step's a bitch.

He crawls to the flashlight and grabs it, finding himself suddenly face to face with the fresh, puffy corpses of twin boys sitting side by side. Eddie yells again.

Bill's frightened face appears at the opening of the shit pipe. He climbs down and sees the kids.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. I forgot this part.

This tunnel is bigger and Eddie is able to stand upright. Bill helps the others down. Eddie has the light pointed to the silty floor.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Look. Someone's been here.

In his light they can see fresh, adult-sized boot prints.

BEVERLY

That's the way we have to go--

BILL

Ben, stay up front with Eddie. And take this.

He pulls out of his jacket pocket a pistol.

BEN

Will it work?

BILL

It's not for clowns.

RICHIE

Unless you believe in the second amendment.

Ben takes it.

BEN

I do now.

They follow this new tunnel a hundred yards until another intersection. Beverly gestures to the right and they head down a gradually sloping brickwork tunnel, clearly older than the ones behind them.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #1:

Downtown, the electronic bank clock flips to 6 a.m. Almost dawn. The dark sky begins spitting rain. Soon, all over Derry, it begins raining quite hard.

RADIO WEATHERMAN

Apologies to all of you who heard last night's fore-cast. We've got a crazy weather pattern over the entire Penobscot Valley, from a drop in pressure we just didn't see coming.

INT. TUNNELS, BRICK LEVEL -- DAY [*]

Bill falls out of the shit pipe into the brickwork tunnel with a painful drop.

BILL

There's a drop-off! Be careful!

Beverly appears next, then Eddie, then Ben, then Richie. Bill puts a finger to his lips and they listen. They can hear Henry and the others at the other end of the shit pipe, crawling toward them.

RICHIE

They're still coming.

BILL

Which way, Bev? Hurry.

Beverly takes the flashlight and shines it one way, and then the other. The light passes over the dead twins. Eddie cries out.

BEVERLY

It's this way.

They go, Eddie and Ben looking back, wide-eyed.

INT. TUNNELS, BRICK LEVEL -- NIGHT

Eddie leads the others down the brick tunnel to another, then another. Finally, they come to where it joins a low, wide tunnel that appears to be made out of wood. The floor is dry, dusty.

BEN

We're deep. These tunnels haven't seen water in decades.

EDDIE

I remember this. It's not far.

INT. TUNNELS, ECHO CHAMBER -- NIGHT

They proceed down the low, wood tunnel until it opens up into a kind of high-ceilinged echo chamber. Ahead of them there is a low, short tunnel ending at a small wood door.

BEN

That's it. This is as far as we went. You went on without us.

BILL

Not this time. Come on.

BEVERLY

This is where Victor and Belch--

Suddenly, she grabs the flashlight and knows exactly where to point it. In one of the corners lie the moldering, decades-old bodies of Belch and Victor. One of their skulls is a few feet away, grinning at them.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)

We tried to help them--

BILL

Come on. It's time. Whatever you see, let it in. Believe. It's the only chance we've got.

Bill leads them down the crawl space to the little door, Then they all go through.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #2:

The Oronoka Diner, closed this early, is taking a beating in the rain. Without warning, a power transformer beside it explodes in a flash of light. The power line connected to it falls, twisting and sparking, on the roof.

Early morning commuters drive through half a foot of water in low-lying spots. People waiting for buses along the Canal look with concern at the rising water. It's now only ten feet below the painted high-water mark.

The roof of the diner is now on fire. A fire truck pulls up and as the first fireman jumps down to the pavement, he lands directly on the power line. He stands there shivering as 30,000 volts course through him. His tongue pops and his fireman's coat begins to melt onto him.

INT. TUNNELS, WOOD LEVEL -- DAY [*]

The kids come down to the echo chamber and see the door at the end of the little crawl space.

BILL

This must be it.

BEVERLY

What if it's locked.

BILL

Places like this are never locked.

BEN

Bill--

Bill turns and points the light back down the tunnel. Standing there, twenty yards away, is Henry.

He looks wild--covered in shit and blood. Victor and Belch are beside him, looking terrified. Victor actually says to them:

VICTOR

Can you help us out of here? We're out of matches--

But Henry steps forward, holding out the razor. He fixes his gaze on Bill. But before he can get close to him, a horrible TRUMPETING SOUND comes from the darkness behind them, followed by dozens of CLICKS and CLACKS.

Pennywise comes into the Echo Chamber and rears up into the light, above them, on some kind of long, disjointed legs, like stilts.

PENNYWISE

Hello! And goodbye!

Belch turns to run, but It lashes out and yanks him back by the hair. He SCREAMS as it whips him around and then hurls him against the far wall. Victor tries to run past It, but it snags him.

VICTOR

HELP ME! HELP!

And they try to. Beverly has pulled back the slingshot and gets off a good shot. It rears up, a hole opening in its shoulder, bleeding light. At the same time, Eddie runs in front of It and lifts up his aspirator.

EDDIE

This is battery acid, fucker!

He sprays the aspirator in the clown's face, which begins to bleed. It slaps Eddie to the ground and pins him there under one of its spindly legs.

It brings Victor up to its face and chews through his neck. Victor's head goes rolling off into a corner while It's sucks out his heart's blood from the stump of his neck. When It's finished, it wings the corpse aside where it lands next to where Belch is crumpled and screaming.

Ben goes after It with his stick to help Eddie, but It knocks him aside against the wall.

Beverly aims again and drills a stone into the leg that has Eddie pinned down. It rears up again in pain, light flooding out of its leg. It grabs Henry and dives into the crawl space where it drags him through the door. Most of the light goes with It.

Bill calls to the others as he crawls after It.

BILL
Help Eddie and Ben! Help Belch!

BEVERLY
What about you?

BILL
I'll see where It goes--

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #3:

Weather vanes pivot violently in the wind gusts. Intersections are flooding. Limbs are coming down. Curbs are lost one after another under the runoff.

Suddenly, a huge concussion somewhere under Kansas Street shakes the homes there. Inside, toilets explode in geysers of sewage. People are killed in their morning ablutions by shards of porcelain.

All throughout the library, wind can be heard MOANING under doors and vents. The glass passageway at the library is pelted by so much rain it looks like the whole thing is being taken through a car wash. The glass panels begin vibrating with the fluctuating pressure and explodes. Wind and rain sweep in, wrenching thousands of books from their shelves and speed-reading through the pages.

INT. TUNNELS, IT'S LAIR -- NIGHT/DAY

The adults all come through the tiny door into It's lair. It is a large space, some forgotten chamber of an old mine. Parts of the roof are still raw rock.

They come further into the room, afraid to make any noise. The place seems empty until they hear a GIBBERING sound coming from one side.

Eddie pins the light on it and they see: Tom Rogan is crouched against the wall, twitching and drooling, driven mad somehow. His eyes are rolled up and white.

BEVERLY
Tom. Oh my God!

EDDIE
Who?

But before she can answer, the little door behind them bursts open and Pennywise comes shooting in, flooding the room with light from its wounds, Henry Bowers (11) held in its grip.

Henry is SCREAMING, slashing at Pennywise with his razor. He carves into It's face several times before It rips him in two and tosses him aside. Ben raises the pistol and fires all his rounds into It. They don't seem to be doing any good.

BILL
BELIEVE! YOU HAVE TO BELIEVE!

Eddie steps up with his aspirator and yells.

EDDIE
This is battery acid, fucker!

He sprays it into Pennywise's face, but Pennywise just pistons out a hand and knocks Eddie across the room. None of it is working. Then Beverly has an idea.

She runs over to Tom and undoes his belt. He lets her, cowering from her in his madness. She pulls the belt from around his waist and then flies back at Pennywise. She whips It right in the face. And again.

BEVERLY
No more lies! YOU HEAR ME?! NO
MORE LIES.

This works. It SCREAMS. Then It turns and gallops off into the darkness. Ben runs over and helps Eddie to his feet. Eddie's bleeding through his bandages, but yells:

EDDIE
Come on! Let's finish It!

BILL
Hold on-- We need their help.

BEVERLY
Who?

Bill takes the flashlight and shines it back they way they came. A beat. There, standing at the little door, is Bill (11), watching all of this. Bill (38) says to him:

BILL
It's okay. Go get the others.

Bill (11) nods and goes back through the door. Bill (38) turns to the others.

BILL (CONT'D)
This is what I didn't want you to know. It's all one time down here. But we can't do this without them.
(MORE)

BILL (CONT'D)

This is their fight as much as
ours.

Bill (11) comes back with Ben, Beverly, Eddie, and Richie in tow. The children all look at the adult versions of themselves.

Ben sees himself as a grown man, fit and thin. You can see the relief in his eyes. But Beverly sees herself as a woman with a healing split lip and a man's belt in her hand. Richie and Eddie look at themselves for evidence of a happier future. But the fact that they're still here, in this sewer, so many years later, does not bode well.

BILL (CONT'D)

Let's end this thing.

They all head after Pennywise, kids and adults alike.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #4:

Shingles and weather vanes are now blowing free of their moorings.

A series of explosions rocks downtown Derry. The jewelry store goes up first sending a hail of diamonds down on Main Street. Another blows fire out the front of the bank and raises the roof a few feet. Another rips through a clothing store sending flaming mannequins out into the flooded parking lot.

Car alarms and security systems all over downtown begin BLEATING. Manhole covers begin shooting up one after another. One unlucky man is decapitated.

INT. TUNNELS, IT'S LAIR -- NIGHT/DAY

They all follow a blood trail back through It's lair until they find It cornered behind its horrible cache of dead children--hundreds, from all periods of time. These are all the lives It's destroyed. It watches them approach, still and silent, like a bird watches a snake. It is still bleeding light out of its wounds.

PENNYWISE

You see, children. It doesn't end.
You're still a fag, Richie, scared
to love. Beverly's not scared, she
just knows what you deserves.

BEVERLY

It lies.

As It talks, its eyes grow brighter, revving up its deadlights for a final coup de main.

PENNYWISE

Eddie, your mom's calling. She'll always call, and you'll always answer. Hell, you marry her!

Eddie (11) looks up at Eddie (38). Eddie tells him:

EDDIE

It lies.

PENNYWISE

Ben, you run. You run and run and run 'til his mouth's full of puke instead of pie. There is no difference.

(beat)

But Bill. Big Bill beats you all. Big Bill doesn't grow up. He won't without his brother. He doesn't dare. So he never will.

Bill steps up in front of It, careful not to tread on any of the dead children.

PENNYWISE (CONT'D)

See? Even if you get me, I got you first. I still get you. I get all of you, all the time, forever.

It's eyes are getting brighter than the light spilling out of its wounds.

BEN

Bill-- Be careful!

But Bill turns to them, all of them, and simply says:

BILL

Make it hurt.

Then he turns back to Pennywise and grabs its head in his hands and stares right into its deadlights. They flare.

The kids dart forward first, while it's distracted. They begin ripping into It, through the silken suit and then through skin. The adults go in as well and they tear It apart limb from limb. All the while, Bill has It's head in his hands, staring into its eyes, face to face.

Bill (11) finds It's heart--its still-beating heart--and rips it out. Pennywise writhes and screams.

BILL (CONT'D)

LIAR! LIAR!

Bill holds up the heart for all to see and then smashes it against the floor, bursting it in a splash of inky gore.

And then, in a grotesque spasm of light, It falls to the ground, dead. Bill (38) falls with It. The others adults run and crowd around him. Beverly shakes him. He does not respond.

Overhead, and all around them, the walls of It's cavern begin to SHUDDER and, like the house on Neibolt Street, everything around them locks into one specific temporal reality--the present. But the SHUDDERING continues.

BEVERLY

Come on, Bill! Wake up!

Beverly is crying hard. They all are.

RICHIE

He has a heartbeat.

Ben opens one of Bill's eyes and strobes it with the flashlight. The pupil constricts, but Bill does not stir.

BEN

I don't know what's wrong. We've got to get him above ground. Now.

Richie looks around, but the kids are gone now, back in their right decade. Above them, the whole works continue to GROAN and SHAKE.

EDDIE

What happened from here? Where did we go?

BEVERLY

Bill came out and told us he thought It'd died, or was about to. So we headed back. We came out on the other side of the Barrens, by the dump, but we made it out.

EDDIE

Can you do it again?

Beverly nods.

BEVERLY

I'll go as fast as I can.

BEN
(to Richie)
Help me carry him.

They lift up Bill and begin back toward the door. All around them, they can hear the GROANING and SHIFTING continue. Some portions of the ceiling begin to come loose.

THE DESTRUCTION OF DERRY, MONTAGE #5:

All along the canal, people are rushing to reinforce the sides of the channel with sandbags. All along the canal the water is just a foot from flooding over.

There is a LOUD SCREECHING that causes everyone to look up toward Bassey Park. With horror, they see the top of the Standpipe begin to bow its head like some kind of deflating balloon.

The Standpipe is indeed coming down. The downhill side of the foundation has been undermined by runoff and the whole structure is sliding. A huge crinkle in the brickwork appears as the 7,000 tons of water inside tilt past the point of no return. A series of TWANGS echoes out as the Standpipe's interior cables snap. The facade begins to crumble, shooting out water, and then the whole thing deflates, sending a grey tidal wave down the hill and toward the canal. The dozen houses between Bassey Park and the Canal are taken out whole, and swept into the raging canal.

Downtown, the sandbaggers hear the rush of water before they see it. Then, suddenly, it comes. Half of it is forced under downtown, half over. Water fans out on all the downtown streets, sweeping people off their feet and dragging them into parked cars and shattered storefronts.

Those who are not killed or swept away, listen from their places of refuge as the beams and supports under the city begin to twist and break apart. All at once, the section of downtown built over the canal begins to move. Windows shatter everywhere. Cracks begin racing up and down street after street. There are sounds like artillery fire. Then downtown Derry simply collapses.

Buildings on either side of the canal begin coming down in hails of brickwork, water spraying up all around them.

The canal, roiling and boiling, its throat choked up with asphalt, concrete, and brick, now backsurges, sending water and debris lifting out over its concrete sleeve and racing in opposite directions. Residents of Derry run for their lives. Many are carried away by the horrible wave of wreckage of what was once their tidy city.

Finally, the water drains back toward what's left of the canal, and then begins moving on toward the Penobscot River, leaving cross streets all over downtown broken off and hanging in mid-air over the now exposed underground canal like huge diving boards.

INT. TUNNELS, CONCRETE LEVEL -- DAY

Ben and Richie carry Bill in thigh-deep, rushing water. Eddie leads the way with the flashlight and Beverly brings up the rear, her eyes wide. They come to a four-way fork. The ECHOES of TORRENTIAL WATER are loud here.

EDDIE

Which way, Bev?!

Beverly gestures and they go on. Something floats by Beverly. She sees it is a large plastic letter "Y."

EDDIE (CONT'D)

There's light ahead--!

They come up to a section of destroyed pipe clogged with debris. A few yards later, they can see blue sky above them. The tunnel opens up into a pit in which the marquee from the movie theatre has fallen. It still has most of its letters attached, reading "T E OD SSEY." Behind it, is a Cadillac Escalade on its back.

BEVERLY

What the fuck happened?!

Ben points to the marquee. It makes a kind of ramp up.

BEN

You think you can climb that, Bev?

EXT. DOWNTOWN DERRY -- DAY

Downtown is busy with ambulance traffic and city workers setting up crash barriers. A jagged crevasse two blocks long opens up where Main Street used to be. People mill about in shock, picking up things and tossing them down.

When Beverly appears at the top of the marquee, she hears someone yell to her. Soon a half dozen people come over to help. She finds herself being pulled up to safety.

Then everyone leans back in to help the others. Around them, downtown Derry is destroyed--its history, its foundations, all of its cycles of renewal shattered.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE -- DAY

It's a sunny morning in Derry, Maine. A storm has passed through in the night. Tree limbs are down and houses are without power.

The Denbrough house sits back from the street. Several rental cars are parked in its driveway.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, PARENTS' OLD BEDROOM -- DAY

Dappled sunlight shines through the window and onto the bed where Bill is lying, awake, but expressionless. Eddie sits beside the bed.

EDDIE

Bill? Can I get you anything?

Bill just shakes his head. He has the look of a soldier who's come back from the front--out of danger, but unable to let go. Eddie heads downstairs.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, DINING ROOM -- DAY

Ben, Beverly, and Richie are all around the table drinking coffee. Eddie comes down and shakes his head.

BEVERLY

It's just going to take more time.
Who knows what really happened to
him down there. What he saw--

EDDIE

I don't like his not talking.
(beat)
I'd settle for his stutter. At
least he'd be communicating.

RICHIE

He will. It's Big Bill.

But Richie doesn't look all that convinced himself.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, FRONT PORCH -- DAY

Eddie is getting Bill's mail. Ben and Beverly come out.

BEN

We're going to the market. Bill's
low on everything. Any requests?

EDDIE

No thanks. You seen Richie?

BEVERLY

He's in town, souvenir shopping he said.

EDDIE

Who'd want a souvenir from Derry?

Beverly shrugs.

BEVERLY

Somebody named Steve. He said he'd tell us tonight.

Eddie waves and goes back to sweeping. In a moment, his phone RINGS. it's Myra. He ignores it for now.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, BILL'S OLD ROOM -- DAY

Eddie is in Bill's office. He sees all of the work Bill has put into keeping tabs on them--years of work. Boxes of research materials are stacked against one wall.

From the window he can see the grate where Georgie died. He looks at it for a moment, and then sees Bill's garage.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, GARAGE -- DAY

Eddie walks to the garage and pulls open the doors. He's greeted by a wall of junk--old furniture, boxes, etc. He goes right in and begins pulling stuff out.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, KITCHEN -- DUSK

Ben and Beverly come in with grocery bags. They find Richie standing at the window. When they join him, they see: Eddie has pulled half the stuff out of the garage.

BEN

What's he doing?

RICHIE

He wouldn't tell me. Says he has some idea about helping Bill.

But then Eddie comes out of the garage and all is clear. He's pushing Silver. The old moped has bloomed with rust and both its tires are flat. But it's in one piece.

Richie starts laughing. So does Ben.

REPAIR MONTAGE:

Richie watches as Ben and Eddie work on replacing all of the bike's cables. At another point, they have the motor cover off and are replacing the plugs.

Upstairs, Beverly sits with Bill while he eats some soup. It is getting dark outside. She talks to him and he nods, vaguely, at something she says.

Under the garage light, Richie sands off as much of the rust as he can while Ben changes the tires.

INT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Bill is just waking up. Eddie KNOCKS and comes in. Eddie crouches down next to the bed and smiles an odd smile.

EDDIE

Get dressed, Bill. I've got something to show you.

EXT. DENBROUGH HOUSE, DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Eddie and Bill come out to find Ben, Beverly, and Richie all standing next to Silver. The bike looks as good as it ever did. Bill's expression is inscrutable.

BEVERLY

It was Eddie's idea. We think it's a good one.

EDDIE

Here's the deal. You get to ride it one last time. Then we find some kid to take it off your hands and you start fresh, start over, whatever you want to call it.

RICHIE

Yeah, we'll find some kid who really wants a thirty-year-old piece-of-shit scooter.

Bill walks over to Silver and takes a good, long look.

EDDIE

You saved my life on this bike. Richie's too. Give it a try.

Richie hands him the key. Bill looks at it.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Come on, brother. One last ride.

Bill gets on Silver. He turns to Richie and says:

BILL

It's a moped.

Then he starts the engine. Tuned up like it is, it catches the first time. Bill lets it out and rolls it slowly down the driveway, gravel CRUNCHING underneath.

RICHIE

He's gonna rock and roll!

BEVERLY

Yeah. Down Main Street on his head.

Beverly takes Ben's hand. They all watch Bill go.

EXT. STREETS OF DERRY -- DAY

Bill rides carefully down the streets of Derry. There are displays of catastrophe everywhere--broken pavements, half-crushed houses, charred cars--but there are just as many signs of people beginning to move forward.

At first, Bill looks lost and tentative, but slowly he begins to seem more present.

ADULT BILL (V.O.)

It was wrong: Nothing lasts forever, least of all childhood. The magic and invention, the angels, the boogeymen. It all goes. All your Dreams and Nightmares are all knocked off the hill and Reason becomes king.

(beat)

And that's good. That's how it's supposed to happen.

People on the streets clearing debris watch Bill as he rides by, a little faster now.

ADULT BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But it doesn't all go at once. And that's the beautiful part. No matter how hard the people in your life try to speed it out of you. The child leaves slowly, one whispered wish--or shaming secret--at a time.

(MORE)

ADULT BILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And that's why the child really is
the father of the man. I never
understood that before. But I do
now.

(beat)

At least for the ones who make it.

CUT TO:

EXT. DERRY SEWER -- DAY [*]

The five members of the Loser's Club--four boys and one
girl, all 11--stand in a circle, holding hands.

BACK TO:

As he rides, he sheds a few last tears. But as he feels
more comfortable, he speeds up, buzzing past cars. One e-
ven HONKS. By the time Bill speeds down Up-Mile Hill, gun-
ning it all the way, he has started to smile.

